

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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## ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

*The opening of the winter exhibition season—Notes on painters of the day, with portraits and engravings of representative canvases.*

### AN ANGLO AMERICAN ARTIST.

**G**EORGE H. BOUGHTON is generally claimed, in this country, as an American artist; and there is some ground for the claim. He came to America with his parents when he was three years old, and remained here till he was twenty five; his early study of art was at an American school, and American colonial life has been the field in which his best known and favorite themes have been found. He is a member, too, of the National Academy and of the American Water Color Society.

It has almost been forgotten that nearly twenty years ago Mr. Boughton officially informed us that he is an Englishman. At the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, in Philadelphia, his pictures were hung in the section allotted to England—the land where he was born, in 1834, and where he has been domiciled since 1861. It may be added that he has married an English wife, that he is an Associate of the Royal Academy, and that he pronounces his name in the English fashion, as if spelled "Bawton," not "Bowton."

Perhaps the most familiar of Boughton's pictures is his "Puritans Going to Church," which was reproduced in this magazine some time ago (June, 1893). He has created a notable gallery of Puritan figures—the pioneers of

whose sturdy manhood and fair womanhood Miles Standish and Priscilla are the traditional types; and he has been almost equally successful with the Knickerbocker burghers of New Amsterdam. He has painted, too, many charming idyls of English eighteenth century life.

### BOSTON'S ART COMMISSION.

THE dwellers of other American cities may scoff at Boston's claim to intellectual superiority; yet it must be admitted



George H. Boughton, N. A., A. R. A.

*From a photograph by Scott, London*



"A Flower Girl of Venice."

*From the painting by Luke Fildes.*

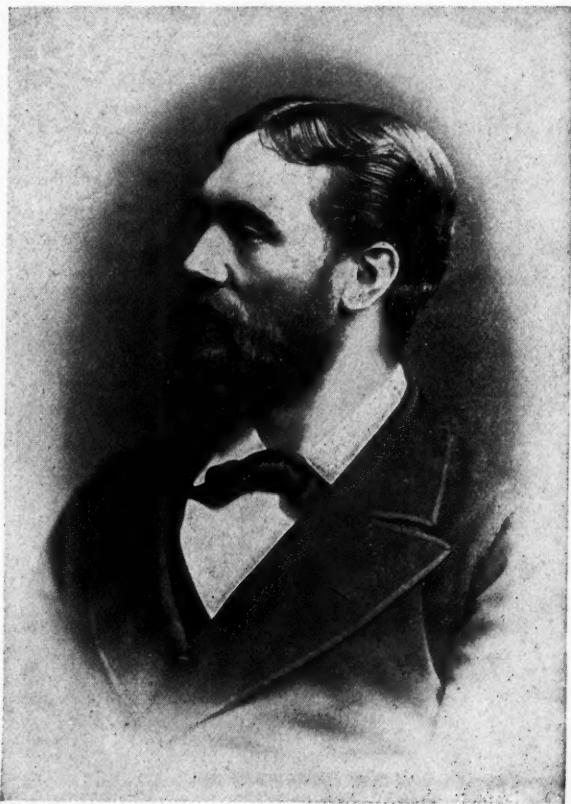
that in some points, at least, the modern Minerva of Massachusetts Bay sets her sisters an example worth following. A couple of months ago we spoke of her

new library as a model monument of Bostonian taste and intelligence. Now we have to record as an important departure the system under which the New

England capital is henceforth to erect her public memorials.

The method in vogue in New York and elsewhere may be summarized thus. The friends of a deceased politician, or the

and leaves it, as a rule, to be an eyesore to present and future generations. Municipal authorities seldom claim to be art critics. It is on record, indeed, that the New York park commissioners once re-



Luke Fildes, R. A.

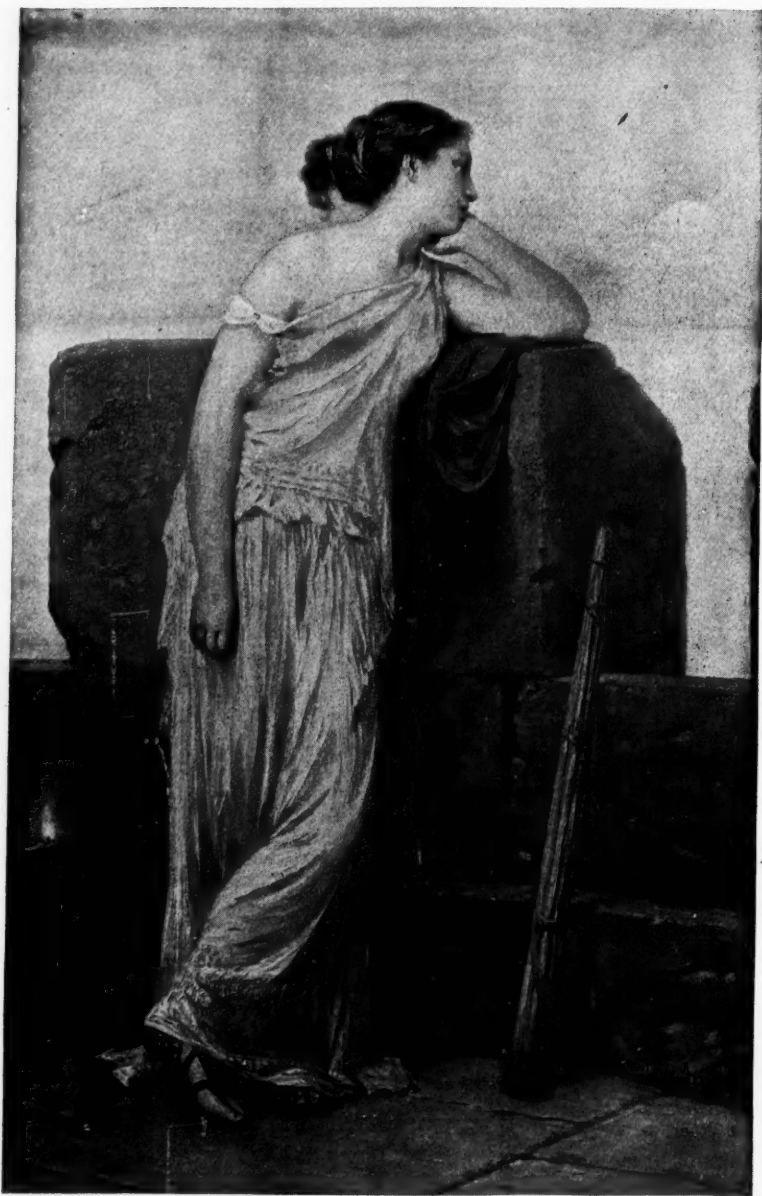
*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London*

enthusiastic countrymen of some foreign worthy, contribute money for a statue, which is designed and executed by some sculptor, known or unknown. The work may prove to be good, but it is more likely to be indifferent, or even positively bad. Very few sculptors can produce a good statue, and most of the objects now extant and claiming that name are unworthy of it.

Having been executed, however, our so called statue is offered to the city, which accepts it as a matter of course, selects a site for it as a matter of chance,

fused the proffered memorial of a late Congressman—whose memory deserved better treatment—on the ground of its extreme ungainliness; but the rejected bronze was promptly set up, with the consent of another department of the city government, at a conspicuous street corner, where its hideous aspect daily terrifies passing car horses and wrings groans from defenseless citizens.

They have arranged all this differently in Boston. Henceforth the designing and the erection of the city's public monuments are to be submitted to an



"Hero."

*Photographed by the Berlin Photographie Company from the painting by W. Amberg.*

art commission, composed of trained and qualified experts. Such a commission has now in hand the proposed memorial to Rufus Choate, for which a bequest of \$14,000 was recently given to

the city, and another in memory of General Devens, authorized by the State Legislature.

Not another monument should be set up in New York, or any other great city,





"The Trumpeter of Sackingen."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by R. Anus.



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"Good Bye!"

From the painting by Arthur J. Elsley—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

without the approval of some such censorship, which would prevent the disfigurement of our parks and streets with further additions to our collection of commonplace and unlovely statuary.

#### A MORAL OF THE PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

A GOOD statue—that is, a good portrait statue—is, as we incidentally observed in the last paragraph, a thing that few sculptors have the gift of pro-



"Winter."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by L. Munk.



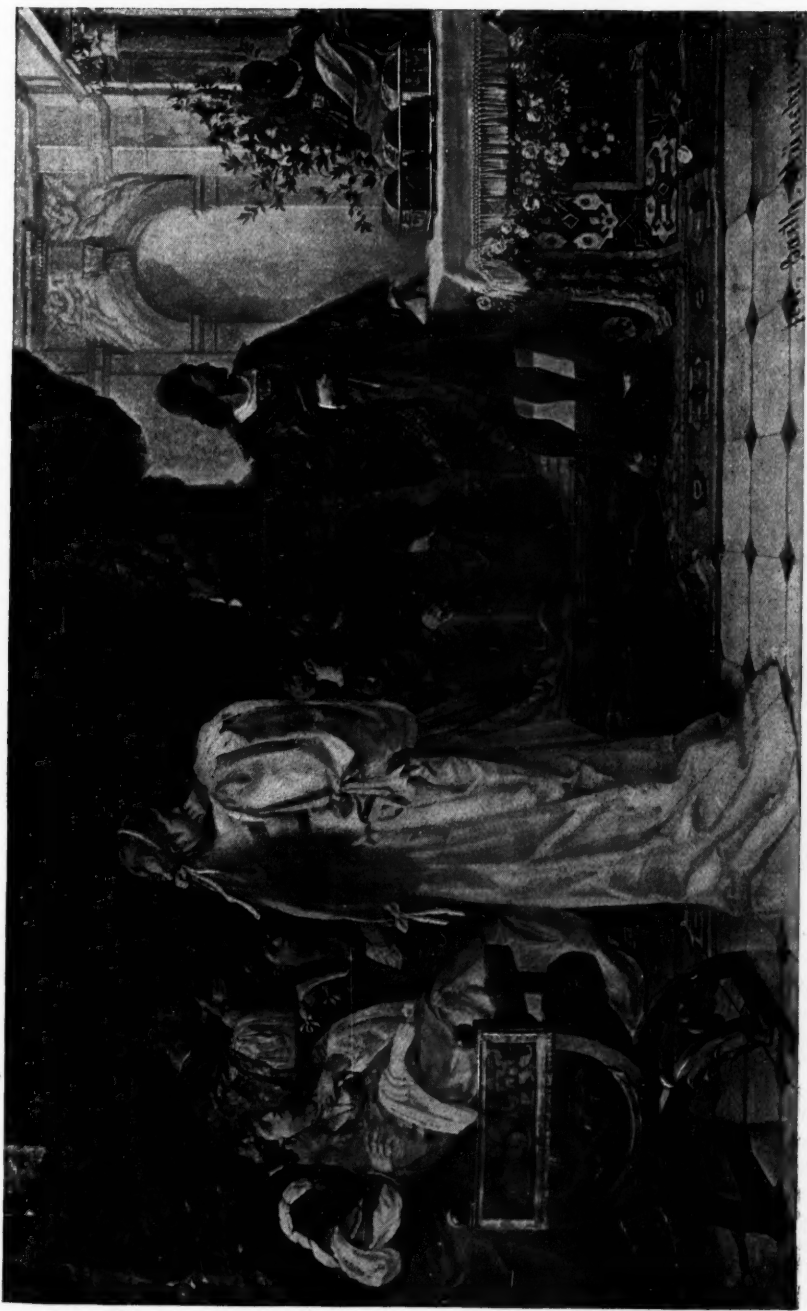
"The Betrothed."

*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Edouard Bissol.*

ducing. The human form may be, in the abstract, an object of divine beauty; but the fact remains that in the concrete, the average modern male, clad in the garments of modern civilization, is a creature most prosaic of aspect. It is almost impossible to make a bronze or marble effigy of him, that is neither clumsy nor undignified nor unattractive. Hence it is that an artist will usually prefer to symbolize a great man's character and work by some appropriate

ideal figure, rather than to attempt a likeness of his form and features.

That the same thing may be said, in some degree, of portraits was a lesson taught by the recent portrait exhibition at the National Academy of Design. The great popular success of this display—greater, probably, than that of any picture show ever held in this country—was not due to its beauty. It was not beautiful. Any collection of portraits—except, perhaps, one selected with spe-

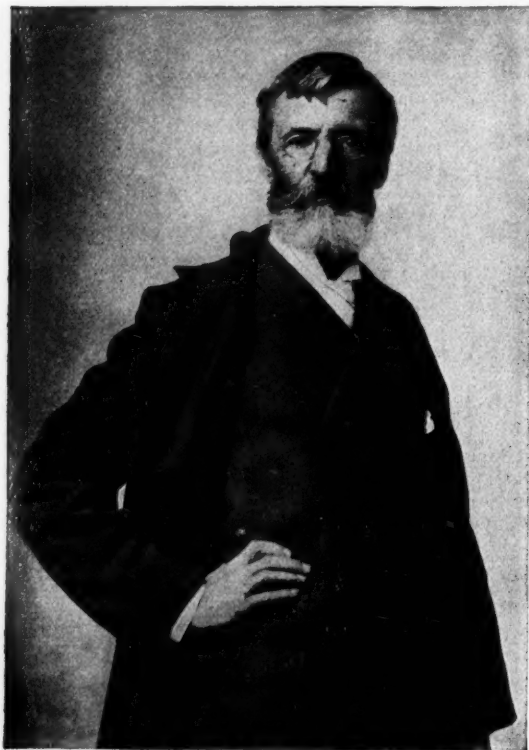


"The Choice of the Caskets."  
Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Ferdinand Barth.



cial regard to the beauty of the subjects—would make the same impression. Modern people are prosaic, their costumes and surroundings are prosaic, and it is difficult, very difficult, to give

If the originals of the exhibited portraits could be gathered together, we do not think that facial beauty would be found wanting among them. We still hold that pretty faces are unusually numerous among the women of metropolitan society. But a faithful portrait of a handsome woman may not be an attractive picture. In the monotony of such a display as the Academy's, unrelieved by a single ideal composition, we find striking proof of the difficulties that beset a painter of portraits who seeks for his work a really high artistic plane.



James D. Smillie, N. A.

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*

them, on canvas, the qualities that a picture must possess in order to be beautiful.

We do not quite agree with the able critic of the *New York Sun*, who drew from the exhibition a moral fatal to our national pride in the supposed beauty of American femininity. We have flattered ourselves, he says, "with the sweet illusion that a crowd of well dressed women, especially if they are Americans, will form a constellation of beauty such as angels could scarcely expect to rival. This pleasing self conceit is knocked dead by the exhibition of women's portraits in Twenty Third Street."

those who control its destinies at this important point in its career. They should give us a new Academy that will be a credit to New York and a stimulus to American art.

Of one of the men upon whom this responsibility rests—the Academy's treasurer—a portrait is given on this page.

#### LUKE FILDES.

LUKE FILDES, who is one of the most successful of English portrait painters, has a strongly individual style. His pictures are smooth, elaborate, and brilliant, rich in color and in decoration. His sitters are preëminently the fashion-





"On the Steppes of Russia,"  
Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by von Wierum-Kewelski.



"Cleopatra."

*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by N. Sichel.*

able people of London, and it has been said that his canvases "smell of money." One of the most conspicuous exhibits at last spring's Royal Academy was his portrait of the Princess of Wales. As an embodiment of glowing youth and beauty, the picture was a success; but as the likeness of a lady who has more than one

grandchild, it was a daring idealization. A specimen of Mr. Fildes' ideal work is engraved on page 334, and the painter's portrait on page 335.

#### THE WIERTZ MUSEUM.

THERE is in Brussels what is undoubtedly the most extraordinary of

public art galleries. About forty years ago the Belgian government agreed to build a studio for the painter Wiertz, on condition that at his death his works should become public property, and should be exhibited free for all time. Wiertz was a strange personality. As a boy he had shown promise of remarkable genius, and some influential patron secured him a small pension. On this he lived a life of the strictest self abnegation, secluding himself from his fellow men, and devoting his whole life to the task of setting forth on canvas his strange conceptions of symbolic art. Rather than sell a picture, he would go without food and fire. "Keep your gold," he would say; "it is the murderer of art."

When he died, in 1873, he left more than a hundred finished works, many of them very large, most of them weird and almost grotesque in subject. They are hung in his studio, now called the Wiertz Museum—a picturesque, ivy covered building in the outskirts of Brussels. One of the most typical is "The Civilization of the Nineteenth Century." It shows the window of a modern house, with the sash flung open. In the gloom of the room within are the jeering faces of two French soldiers, who have broken in, bayonet in hand. A young mother, rudely aroused from sleep, has grasped her new born babe, and has rushed to the window,

through which she is about to plunge to the street below. It is a grim sarcasm upon the armed civilization of Europe.



"His Return."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographie Company from the painting by Marcus Stone.



*From a photograph by Bell, Washington.*

## WILLIAM E. CHANDLER.

*The senior Senator from New Hampshire, his character and career, his friendships and enmities, his keenly fought political battles—An interesting figure in the arena of contemporary public life.*

By H. C. Pearson.

IN the dreary wastes of futile talk which have of late too often characterized the proceedings of the United States Senate, the spectators in the galleries have learned to welcome as refreshing oases the frequent occasions on which Senator William Eaton Chandler

of New Hampshire has held the floor. Small in stature, but tingling with nervous force from crown to sole, he never speaks unless he has something to say; and his manner of saying it has made him famous. Sharp to acridity in satire, quick of wit, fluent of speech,

and well grounded in facts, he is an oratorical antagonist whom every one of his fellow Senators has learned by experience to regard with respect.

"Mr. President," once said a Southern Senator whom he had stung beyond endurance, "there is one creature of the Almighty for which I could never see any use in this world. That is the mosquito. Mr. President, I have today come to the conclusion that the Senator from New Hampshire is the mosquito of this body."

Still harder names have often been applied to Senator Chandler. He has been threatened with personal violence. Even with some of the members of his own party he has not always been extremely popular. "Yes, I like Chandler," said Senator Proctor of Vermont, "but it is an acquired taste." But ask of his immediate associates—Hoar and Lodge of Massachusetts, Frye of Maine, Platt of Connecticut, and Higgins of Delaware—and they will tell you that a more genial companion: a truer friend, or a larger hearted man, is not within the circle of their acquaintance.

Although Mr. Chandler has appeared with fresh prominence in the public eye in connection with the tariff legislation of the last year, his career in national politics is by no means of recent beginning. It is just thirty years since he was appointed by President Lincoln special counsel to prosecute the Philadelphia navy yard frauds. A few months later—in March, 1865—he became judge advocate general of the navy department.

He was at that time thirty years of age, having been born in Concord, New Hampshire, December 28, 1835. His was a poor boy's youth. "I never had a dime of my own," says he, "until I was able to earn it for myself." He worked at his books in the public schools with a diligence that was wonderfully unremitting, and after two terms at the country academies entered the Harvard law school. There he graduated with high honors before he was twenty one.

An expert knowledge of shorthand, which he retains to this day, gave him

the position, in 1859, of reporter of the decisions of the supreme court of New Hampshire. He was in at the birth of the Republican party, and with parental care has watched that likely infant's growth to an exceedingly lusty maturity in the Granite State. In 1862 he was a member of the State House of Representatives, and in the two following years its speaker.

During his last term in that capacity he ruled over probably as turbulent a body of men as ever assembled for legislative action. Oftentimes the entire "Great and General Court," swayed by varying emotions, rose from its seats and poured into the open semicircle in front, howling and gesticulating. Out of and above the tumult stood the slender, lithe, and graceful figure of the speaker, calmly determined, unmoved by the uproar, steadily and surely bringing peace out of riot, harmony out of chaos.

In 1867 Mr. Chandler was appointed first assistant secretary of the treasury under the late Hugh McCulloch. The next year he helped nominate Grant at Chicago, and from that date until 1876 was secretary of the Republican national committee, remaining a member until 1884. During this time occurred the famous Florida episode, which for the first time in the New Hampshire man's career placed his name on every lip. On the morning after the election of 1876 the nation awoke to find the result in great doubt. Even the active leaders of the Republican forces were inclined to despair. With the intuitive swiftness of political genius, Mr. Chandler discerned the key to the situation. Flashing telegrams of comfort and courage all over the country, he started for Florida. The whole story of the fight he waged there has never been printed, and never will be; but it resulted in the election of Rutherford B. Hayes to the Presidency.

The Democrats said then, as they say now, that "Bill Chandler stole Florida." Republicans praised his action in overthrowing a bold conspiracy. Whichever is right, the fact remains beyond dispute that William E. Chandler on that occasion created a President as truly as Warwick's earl ever made a king.



When a pistol bullet brought Chester A. Arthur to the chief magistracy, he invited Mr. Chandler to a seat in his cabinet, and as secretary of the navy the latter rendered perhaps the most valuable public service of his entire career. The new navy of which we are all so proud gained its first impetus at his hands, and the Greely relief expedition owed to him its success.

In 1887 the death of Austin F. Pike left one New Hampshire seat in the United States Senate vacant, and Mr. Chandler was appointed to occupy it. In 1889 he was elected for the full term of six years, and now he finds himself a favorite in the race for still another official sojourn "under the dome."

During his senatorial experience Mr. Chandler has been a hard working and faithful public servant. In all matters of vital interest coming before the upper body he has taken pains to ground himself well, and in some of great importance he has gained recognition as a leader. Especially is this true of the immigration problem. Few understand better than he the dangers threatened by the human tide that sets toward our shores, and few have more sound and practical remedies to propose.

His experience as secretary of the navy gave him a clear insight into the workings of the maritime branch of our government—an insight that has often enabled him to lend needed aid to wise plans for the promotion of its efficiency, as well as to reveal the fraud or folly of others not so wise.

As a leading member of the committee on privileges and elections, Mr. Chandler has frequently and emphatically put himself on record in favor of "a free ballot and a fair count." His zeal in this regard, in defense of the Federal Election laws, has caused him to be widely designated as a waver of the "bloody shirt." Indeed, there are probably few men in public life who have been more violently and opprobriously attacked by the opposition press.

One somewhat unexpected result of these assaults has been to entrench Mr. Chandler firmly in the affection and esteem of the colored people of America.

It is an undisputed fact that his place in their hearts today is second only to that of "Massa Linkum," and if their suffrages elected a President I think our next chief magistrate would hail from New Hampshire. His daily walk to the Capitol from his Washington home is an amusing sort of triumphal progress. On almost every block at least one colored citizen meets and stops him, and greets and blesses him with the characteristic racial exuberance.

While Senator Chandler's active participation in New Hampshire affairs is not, perhaps, particularly interesting to people at large, it has been decidedly so to the residents of his State. For a long time there was hardly a day when two men meeting there did not ask, "What has Chandler done now?"

He boldly antagonized two powerful railroad corporations which practically own the State. He denounced the two most prominent leaders of the opposing party in unmeasured terms, and dared them to sue for libel. When members of his own party accused him of bribery, he turned upon them in "A Book of Bargains," one of the most sensational political publications this country has seen in recent years. He spoke his mind very frankly concerning the supreme court of the State, the railroad and the bank commissioners. It was a very Donnybrook fair; heads were cracked right and left, and Mr. Chandler's political future seemed as dead as the traditional door nail. Within the short space of a year all this has changed, and Senator Chandler is now hailed at bariquets and political gatherings as the "universal harmonizer." A question of present moment in New Hampshire is, how long will this continue?

Mr. Chandler is fortunate in his private life. He has been twice married, the present Mrs. Chandler being a daughter of John P. Hale, the great antislavery leader, in whose honor his son in law has erected a bronze statue in the State House park at Concord. Their son, Jack, named after his grandfather, is a golden haired youngster whose bright and winning ways make him a universal favorite.



## THE MINIATURE.

By Anna Leach.

IT stands on my Aunt Delia's parlor table, the one spot of brightness in the grim dreariness of the decorations. The table is mahogany, with a leaf that folds up against the wall and makes a shiny background for the two stuffed canaries on their green chenille twig, for the family Bible, the "Book of Beauty," Rollin's "Ancient History," and the ambrotypes, in their faded stamped velvet cases.

The miniature of Puss was not done by a celebrated artist who left a name; but the face is lovely, and the roses in the frill of the old fashioned bonnet are very exact and very pink. Puss was my aunt, too, beside being a beautiful and frivolous young person; but she died before she ever knew it. It was only the other day that I heard her story.

My grandfather was a Virginian who believed in the entire superiority of Virginia to anything else in the world. The arrogant government at Washington, which dared to dictate to Virginia, was a profane upstart. He had come to the western part of the State in his youth, and was living near the Ohio river when the division in the Union came. He said very little, but taking his two boys—awkward, lanky country lads—went away to join Lee, leaving my grandmother and her two daughters at the old home with the servants. Delia, my eldest aunt, to judge by her later years, was to be depended upon in any emergency, and was well able to take care of grandmother and of pretty sixteen year old Puss, the beauty and the baby.

Puss could not be made to take the war seriously until the boys went away. Before that she said she was glad something was going to happen. Nothing ever had. They lived ten miles from

the town, and three from a neighbor. The house was half a mile from the road, situated on a hill, and almost hidden in a little forest of oak and hickory trees, which opened on one side, showing a meadow that gently sloped down to the creek. Behind were the cabins of the slaves, growing restless with the leaven of these times, and beginning to slip away one or two at a time.

The house servants remained, so Puss' days were not only days of dullness, but idleness. She would put on her big leghorn flat, and go down to an oak tree by the road, to watch the stage go by and throw off the mail bag. There was the Richmond paper—her father would not allow the county paper to come into the house—and a letter or two. There were never many passengers in the stage, and in these times seldom a woman, but Puss certainly did not know that; for her eyes were always on the tatting shuttle that flew through her plump fingers, as the stiff, mud crusted leather curtains of the stage would be put back and the passengers would lean out to look at her. She made a pretty picture sitting there in her frilled muslin gown, her little slippers crossed on the grass, the wind blowing her brown curls over her forehead. I know how she must have looked, and she knew, too.

There were all sorts of rumors concerning the armies, but nothing had come to disturb my grandmother's family in their buried home until one day there was the dash of a foaming horse to the door, and a young man, a friend from the town, sat like another Paul Revere, and shouted his warning—"The Yankees are coming. Hide everything!" and turned and rode away.

My grandmother was making brandy peaches in the kitchen, and when Delia and Puss rushed by, with the old silver

pitcher and the punch bowl and the spoons, gathering up the fire shovel to dig a grave for them in the garden, she called after them to hide anything they found; she couldn't leave her brandy peaches. And the placid soul added that "children must have some sort of amusement."

That night the Yankees came, sure enough.

The big barns and stables, where the riding and carriage horses stood, were on the side of the house that overlooked the meadow, and in full view from the windows. About midnight Puss was wakened by a noise she did not understand. In a moment the half dozen dogs began to bark as though they would split their throats. Puss sat up in bed, wide awake. Her window was open, and she looked out. It was a brilliant moonlight night, in the fall, and almost as clear as day. Every tree trunk, every little twig, was clearly defined. Coming across the wood lot, the open space between the stables and the house, where the lane curved around, were half a dozen Yankee soldiers. She knew they were Yankees by the shape of their caps. They were on horseback, and there was a jingle of bridles and spurs and arms, although they rode quietly.

Puss looked at them a moment with a thrill of something she could not define. It was her first glimpse of the war. She wondered what they were doing there, and then she saw. They were going after the horses—their horses, *her* horses; the big fat pair for the carriage, and her little black riding horse.

That day, during the excitement, Puss had armed herself. She had taken a pistol that had belonged to her father, and oiled and loaded it as the boys had taught her to do. She had said to Delia that she would like to see any Yankee take anything of hers. The pistol was lying now on the little dimity draped dressing table, with a towel under it to keep it from soiling the daintiness around.

Puss' dressing gown of white flannel lay on the foot of the bed. She put it on with rapid and trembling fingers, grasped the pistol, and fairly flew down

the uncarpeted staircase and through the front door, which was never locked. With flying hair, bare footed, fearless, Puss tore between the soldiers and the stable, and planted her back against the door. The men who had dismounted from their horses fell back as though they had seen a ghost.

"Stand back!" she said. "*Thieves!*" fairly hissing her scorn.

For an instant there was silence, and then the young man in charge—he seemed to be a lieutenant—took off his cap and held it in his hand.

"I am very sorry to have disturbed you, ma'am. I wanted a few oats for my horses, and a hay loft is a tempting place to sleep when you are tired. It seemed rather late to disturb a household." His tone was distinctly apologetic. He was a handsome young fellow, as Puss could see very plainly; with black eyes, rather long black hair, and white teeth, which showed prettily when he spoke. His voice was a soft drawl. "We intended asking for the accommodations after we had taken them."

"We do not harbor Yankees," Puss said disdainfully; but already she was ashamed of herself, and terribly conscious of the bare toes under her dressing gown.

There was a smothered laugh from one of the men, which made her blush to the eyes, and the lieutenant turn like a tiger.

In the hush, the young man gave the order to mount. Then, lifting their caps, the men rode away, leaving Puss alone before the stable door, almost inclined to think it all a dream, and frightened to death at the thought of going to the house alone.

The next day a train of wagons and a whole regiment of soldiers arrived, turning the meadow into a camp. White tents arose, and the smoke of camp fires blew up to the house. Within the next week the slaves all departed, taking, like the children of Israel going out of bondage, all the spoils they could carry. The three women were left alone.

For some reason, after this Puss did her tatting under a different tree. There

was an old elm whose roots were deep in the bank behind the barn. Little bushes, sumac and elder, had grown up beside it, and any one sitting there could look down into the camp, unseen. The stir and bustle below was interesting after the deadly quiet of sixteen years in the West Virginia country.

One day when Puss sat down here, she heard a movement, a rustle in the leaves on the other side of the bushes. She thought it was one of the dogs, and when the twigs parted, and a man's face and hands showed between the stems, she started up. She recognized the face in an instant. It was the young lieutenant of the night raid on the stable.

"I beg your pardon," he said hastily, and drew back, only to rise and come around and face her. "I have wanted to tell you how sorry I am for that night—for disturbing you," he began.

Puss' face was scarlet, as she remembered her—toes. "It is I who ought to ask your pardon, for calling you a—thief;" and then—he was a boy, and she was a girl, and he sat down.

Suddenly she looked him squarely in the face.

"You are not a Yankee," she said.

"Not exactly a Yankee. I was not born in New England. That is what they call a Yankee up North. But I am an officer in the United States army."

"But you have a Southern tongue."

"Have I?"

"Where were you born?"

"Georgy," he drawled.

"*And in the Northern army!*" Puss arose to her full height, which was not great, and stood before him like an accusing angel, while he sat still and chewed a stem of grass. "Traitor! I should think you would want to die. One can respect an honest foe, but a *Georgian*, who for petty rank will fight against his own country!"

One would have supposed that she would have gone away, that she could not stay in the atmosphere polluted by anything so vile. She probably stayed to see the effect of her words.

The young man grew red and then white in that part of his forehead that

was not masked in bronze. He stood up and leaned against the tree, his cap in his hand.

"I was educated by the United States. I swore to be loyal to that flag over there."

He pointed down into the camp, where the stars and stripes lazily floated in the hazy autumn air. The leaves had not fallen, and the maples and sumac across the creek made a scarlet background for the camp. It looked like a holiday gathering, instead of part of the grim face of war.

"My great-grandfather, and yours too, I suppose, were born under the British flag, but they would have been cowards if they had not fought for liberty. Where is your mother?" Puss asked the question as though she intended starting on the instant to ask her what she, a Georgian, meant by allowing her son to fight his native State.

"She is dead," he said simply.

"Oh, I'm sorry—I beg your pardon."

"I haven't anybody—not a relative on earth. Maybe I should have felt bound to go with the South, had it been different. I struggled over it a long time, but I was brought up in the army. It trusted me. I was a sworn officer."

"And your *country*, your *own* country, demands your arms!" And then, realizing, perhaps, that arguments turned out by the wholesale were as nothing to those that nature had given her individually, Puss looked up into his face, and smiled. "You had friends in the South," she went on.

"I hope I am going to have one," he said softly.

The war continued, but the regiment in the meadow by the creek stayed on in idleness. It must have been waiting for something. The little plans of little generals were past finding out, even in those days, and today nobody pretends to disentangle them.

Puss and the Georgian met every day. As it grew colder, and the leaves fell, she would wrap herself in a great dark cloak, and steal away in the dusk to the elm tree where he awaited her. They

knew they were lovers, but they never said so. It was always the old argument about the North and the South, and his proper place.

He was twenty two, and Puss was the first girl he had ever known. Sometimes he dreamed that if he were to go to the Southern army, he would be going to country, home, and wife; and then he wondered. Puss teased him so. For one whole week she did not come to the tryst. He waited and watched and grew impatient, and stayed out after tattoo without permission. The reprimand he received from his blunt captain made him want to slap that officer's bearded face.

"It's my Southern blood," he said to himself. "Puss is right; I have no right with this machine made army. They will conquer. It is iron riding over flesh and blood."

Already he had taken Puss' point of view. The North was "they," instead of "we."

One day during the week he passed Puss on the country road. She was riding her black, and a long feather drooped from her hat and touched her cheek. By her side rode an erect, sunburned young man.

The Georgian's companion, an old sergeant, turned and looked after them.

"I'm thinkin', lieutenant, that there's some work cut out for us. That's a rebel, and an officer, or I don't know the breed. He's staying at the big house as bold as brass."

"You men have sat around a camp fire until you are a lot of gossiping old women. You need a fight to divert your minds," the lad said.

But his heart was a seething fire of jealousy. He sat in his tent that night and drew plans, on paper, for annihilating the Southern army, declaring that he would never go near that little rebel again. But when the hills grew dusky, he threw his overcoat about his shoulders and climbed the bank to the elm. He would tell her what he thought of her. He would tell her that her *lover* was a spy, and was only spared by his generosity, born of contempt.

When he came to the elm, and saw

her standing there, a dim, sweet shape, against the trunk, he only put out his hands to hers, and said, "Puss! Puss!"

Yes, their visitor was a spy, Puss told him presently. She was not afraid to tell *him*. She knew that his heart was with the South, with his own country. The stranger was Captain Ritchie, from Kentucky, who was supposed to be at that instant in prison at Camp Chase. But everything was lost to the Georgian except Puss herself.

One day Delia turned to Puss when they were drying the dishes—there wasn't a servant in the house now—and looked her squarely in the eyes.

"Puss," she said, "do you know any of the soldiers over there in the camp?"

Puss looked back at her honestly.

"Yes, I do know one. He is a Southern man, and he is going to get all the information he can, and desert when the troops move. Trust me, Delia. I am a Southern woman."

The Georgian would have pulled himself up with a jerk if he had heard that prophecy.

Two weeks before Christmas, Puss was awakened again in the middle of the night. This time Delia stood over her, shivering, in the fireless room, with cold and nervousness. She had not even a candle.

"Puss," she whispered, scarcely breathing the words, "get up. Come quickly. Lal is here."

Puss sprang from the bed with an exclamation of delight. Lal was her youngest brother, who was supposed to be somewhere over in Virginia with Jubal Early.

"Hush!" Delia said. "There are sentinels at our very gates since Captain Ritchie was here. Lal slipped through the old blacksmith's shop on the road, and into the timber. The first I knew of his coming he was standing at my bedside."

"What is he here for? Isn't it too dangerous? Are father and Jim well?"

"He has been sent to see how strong a force is here. They are massing the Federal troops for some purpose. Ritchie is captured at last, and is to be shot."



Delia's voice broke into a sob, but Puss only set her lips. She went down to see Lal, but the boy brother was gone. The year had made him into a grave, bearded man, whom she hardly knew. After kissing her, he asked at once after the young Southerner in the camp, of whom Delia had told him. "Who is he? Can you bring him here to see me?" he inquired eagerly.

"I will try, but not before tomorrow night," Puss said. She would not tell them that she did not even know the Georgian's name.

The next evening Puss was early, and her heart beat wildly against her bosom. Could she do what she had promised? What would happen if she could not?

The Georgian met her with some light jest. He was accustomed to making amusement for her out of the camp characters. Puss stopped him.

"When are you going to move?" she asked.

He was still. It was the first time she had ever asked him such a question. How had she known of the plan to move?

"Tell me," she said nervously. "You must tell me. You belong to us, to our side. Lal, my brother Lal, has come home to learn your movements. You must tell me."

There was another instant of dead silence, and then he took her hands and held them. "I cannot," he said.

She flung his hands away, and her eyes dilated as they had dilated that night before the stable door.

"You cannot? You cannot? What are you, then? You are not faithful to the North. Are you false to us too? Can you not be true to something? Ah!" Her voice filled with horror. "Perhaps—perhaps you are a spy—deceiving me. Ritchie is captured, is to be shot!" She could hardly breathe. She had just put the life of Lal into his hands.

"You shall not believe such things of me. You are right, I have not been true to the North. But I cannot continue to take a trust and betray it. I am a traitor, but not such a traitor as that. Where is your brother?"

"You are a Southerner," Puss said, and put up her face and kissed him on the lips.

The next week was full of anxiety. The Georgian had gone away with Lal. They were to separate as soon as they had passed beyond the neighborhood that Lal knew so well.

The Georgian was to go to Lee and offer him his sword, and there was other work for Lal.

A red spot burned in Puss' cheek all day long. She stood out by the road now, and waited for the stage to bring the papers. She read every scrap of news. If anything should happen!

But nothing did. The days went by until Christmas Eve. It was a dreary Christmas compared to those of former years, when the boys had been at home, and the slaves dancing and singing all day long. The cabin doors swung open now, and the rain made music on their floors. But Puss was jubilant. The Georgian must have reached Lee. She had told him to tell the general, who was their old neighbor, that she sent him as a Christmas gift.

She had not been near the elm that hung over the meadow since that night when the Georgian came away with her. She was afraid. But now that the danger was all over, she went out to see the camp move. Rumors had come that the tents were being packed. The whole aspect of the meadow was changed. The tents had disappeared, leaving a clear open space. The soldiers seemed to be on parade. They were drawn up in a sort of hollow square, open at one side; and in the space, fresh earth had been thrown up. In an instant Puss saw what it was—an open grave, and a pine box stood beside it.

"One of them has died," she thought pityingly, "and they are going to give him a military funeral."

She could look down from between the bushes, which she held apart, and see it all quite plainly.

The regimental band came marching across the meadow, playing the Dead March, and behind—

Puss' heart stopped beating. She tried to move, to cry out, but her muscles

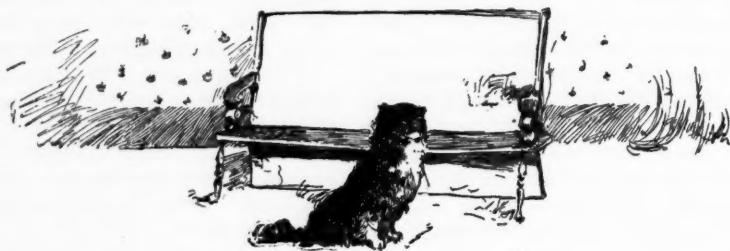
had turned to iron, and her eyes stared stonily ahead. The twigs were crushed into her tender palms. Between two men walked the Georgian, unbound, but with his eyes covered by a white band. They led him to the spot behind the pine box. A line of men with rifles moved in front of him. The music stopped, and an officer began an order in a singsong tone.

At the first words the Georgian snatched the bandage from his eyes,

and as the order came to fire, he was gazing at Puss' white face between the bushes under the elm. Then there was a crashing volley, and a "deserter in the face of the enemy" fell dead across his coffin.

When they found Puss, she was a shivering, moaning little heap, hiding her eyes, afraid to look up.

Only the little old miniature and two graves in the family burying ground are left to mark the story.



#### OUT OF ARCADIA.

THE country boy was in love, and young,  
And he urged his cause with an eager tongue,  
But the maiden bade him work and wait;  
She wanted a man who was strong and great.

He loved his home and the country life,  
And he wanted a tender little wife;  
He wished to live in peace and ease,  
In the shade of his spreading old elm trees.

But the maiden bade him go and win  
A name she could prize and glory in.  
She said she would wait and wed him when  
He had made his place in the ranks of men.

Then the boy plunged into the city's roar,  
And he learned the market's sordid lore,  
And he learned that life is an awful fight,  
Where the wounded fall to the left and right.

But on their bodies he slowly rose,  
And he gained new strength from his vanquished foes;  
As he overcame them and beat them down,  
He grew in wealth and in wide renown.

But his heart was cold. He forgot to feel;  
His chilling smile had the glow of steel.  
His brain grew keen and his face grew hard,  
As he stood a victor, seamed and scarred.

Then his words were treasured throughout the State,  
And all men followed and called him great;  
But he smiled when he thought of the country boy,  
And he sneered at love as a childish toy.

*Harry Romaine.*



## THE FIRST YEAR.

By Clarence Herbert New.

ON a certain clear and beautiful evening in mid season, the crowd of stylish carriages at the junction of Broadway and Eleventh Street, the sidewalk canopy, and the snatches of dreamy music that floated, now and then, through the Gothic windows glowing with mellow light, all proclaimed that most delightful of social functions, a Grace Church wedding.

In the presence of a brilliant assemblage of friends and relatives, Jessie Amsterman became Mrs. John Brentwood. Society, as represented by the congregation, pronounced them the most perfectly mated bride and groom it had seen in a decade of matchmaking. Such was the unvarying tenor of all the congratulations showered upon them at the reception in the hospitable Amsterman home—with one exception. Old Colonel Preston had the honesty to say that "no two people ever yet came together in the holy bonds of matrimony without experiencing some differences while mutually adjusting their personal peculiarities, during the first year of married life." With warm hearted solicitude, he recommended the cultivation of the two indispensable household bruins, "bear and forbear."

Brentwood admitted the soundness of his kind old friend's counsel, and said as much to his bride when they reached their hotel. Jessie was rather inclined to resent the advice as a piece of impertinence, discrediting the possibility of future differences between them.

She had not seen the handsome house which was being fitted up for her in Fifty Seventh Street, and so was all the more delighted when, upon her return from their wedding tour in the South, she was installed as its mistress. She was a fortunate woman, and, as their

friends often reiterated, they were a happy pair.

True, during even the first few months, she found herself seriously objecting to some of John's peculiar ideas. There was his setter, Jack, for instance; John would have him in the house when he was at home. Jack was an exceedingly well behaved dog, but his auburn coat had a way of shedding itself on the furniture. Then one evening, as they were sitting down to dinner with a few invited guests, who should call but an old Colorado acquaintance of Brentwood's, whom he insisted upon bringing in to dine with them, though he was in morning costume, and a somewhat rough diamond as well.

"So stupid of you, John!" Jessie said in an aside, as the party were adjourning to the drawing room. "Why couldn't you have given him a lunch at one of your business restaurants tomorrow, and avoided spoiling my dinner party? You are continually putting me out of patience by your lack of tact."

"But, Jessie, dear, I was his guest out there for months, and he knows no one else in town; came straight to me as the only friend he had in the Eastern States. I couldn't send him off in any such way as that. He may be outspoken, but he's as true a friend as a man ever had. He's welcome to stay here as long as he likes."

"Surely you will let him go to his hotel to sleep?"

"Not if our house is comfortable enough for him!"

And though Jessie gave several excellent reasons why—even acknowledging her husband's debt of hospitality—it would be most inconvenient to have this blunt Westerner constantly about the house, Brentwood was obdurate, and she had to pocket her objections.

As the months passed he seemed less inclined to accompany his wife to the numerous social functions which were dear as the breath of life to her. He pleaded fatigue, the desire to do a little reading at home, or important business; until finally, one evening, after a kind but decided refusal to attend a reception at which she considered it absolutely necessary to be present, she lost all patience with him.

"John, what am I to understand by your persistent refusal to be seen with me anywhere? Do you intend to shut yourself up in the house like a hermit, and compel me to stay here with you, in order to avoid talk, until we lose every friend we have?"

"Come, Jessie, aren't you a little unreasonable? I go out with you two or three times every week, often when I'm so tired that I nearly go to sleep at dinner; we have people here at least two more evenings—really, I see very little of you, dear. It isn't so much of a hermit life after all, is it?"

"Well, you know what I mean! If one refuses invitation after invitation, people get tired of sending them. If we expect to keep our place in society, we must go out and be seen—we must entertain in our own house, or else we are very soon dropped—and then pray where are we?"

"My dear wife, we are under obligations to no one, socially. To tell the truth, I only care to see people whom I like and respect, and after this I don't propose to make a slave of myself a whole evening by attending a social function simply because the hostess invites us to pay off a similar festivity at which she was our guest. Now this reception, for instance. I've met these people twice—ten to one they can't recall my name when I shake hands with them. I only see them a moment, and then stand around the rest of the evening—perhaps exchanging a word or two with fellow unfortunates—until I'm tired enough to drop. It isn't worth it, Jessie. I'm sorry to displease you, but I won't go."

Jessie did go, chaperoned by two married friends. On several other occasions she went in the same manner. To her,

reared in an atmosphere in which one's duty to one's set and society at large had been a prominent feature in her education, Brentwood's conduct seemed inexcusable. Always accustomed to being amused, she had little resource in the line of self amusement, and the idea of solitary evenings at home with John seemed insufferably dull to her. However, in order to be quite fair toward him, as she said, she actually did try the experiment, once, of spending an evening *à la maison*. For an hour—during which scarcely a word was spoken—she worked nervously at a bit of fancy work, while he smoked his cigar over the evening paper at the opposite side of the table. Then, with a sigh of comfort, he looked over at her affectionately, and said, "Ah, Jess, this is something like! You don't know how much I'm enjoying this being here by ourselves."

"Yes, that's all very nice to sit reading your old paper for an hour without even looking at me—nice for you, but where do I come in?"

"Why, dear, your mere presence is a companionship to me, even if we don't say a word. I must go over the stock quotations so as to be ready for tomorrow's business, but with every word I read I'm conscious of your being here. I won't read so long next time. Do you know, I was thinking how nice it would be to study some language, or read aloud to each other?"

"Oh, John, that might do once in a while, but we really haven't time for that sort of thing. Hark! Was that the bell? Only one of your horrid telegrams! I hoped it might be callers. It's dreadfully stupid to bore each other here alone. Why don't you care to see people any more? Goodness knows you went out enough before you were married. You danced a great deal, too, and you do dance beautifully, dear. You used to sing nicely, and—and play cards."

"Of course I went out, Jessie; but chiefly for the sake of meeting you. Dance? Yes; I'm fond of it yet—on a floor like the Seventh's armory, or the dining room of a summer hotel; but not in a crowded,

badly ventilated parlor, where one can't move without tearing some lady's gown. Sing? My dear, nothing would please me better than to get out my old guitar and warble for your benefit when we are by ourselves. Play cards! Why, a good rubber of whist with you and two friends who know the game—with, perhaps, a small bottle and cold lunch afterward—is simply delightful, but these progressive card parties where one plays for two minutes with one good partner and then with some well meaning young person who knows absolutely nothing about the rules, and comes to flirt—no, thank you!"

These trivial disputes between Brentwood and his wife assumed larger proportions as time went by. Loyal to his marriage promises, he was invariably kind and courteous to her; but upon some points where her views did not coincide with his, he was as obstinate as a mule. She, on her part, tried not to disagree with him; but their standpoints in the way of looking at life were entirely different, and it was the realization of this fact that filled her with a sense of having been imposed upon.

Unfortunately, she had—like many another honest, well meaning wife—a bosom friend who persistently magnified her husband's faults, and gave her plenty of advice as to "not being dictated to by any man," and so forth. It was largely the result of Mrs. Heron-Martin's continual arraignment of John Brentwood's actions that finally caused Jessie to fancy herself subject to an unwarranted tyranny.

About the time matters reached this stage between them, Brentwood's business situation became very serious indeed. Bank after bank was forced to close its doors, and the morning papers were filled with the failures of old established houses. He had many an hour of uneasiness, and his waking moments were spent in thinking, planning, calculating, how to prevent the flood of disaster from overwhelming himself and the wife who was dependent on him. Their establishment in Fifty Seventh Street was an expensive one, and it was the thought of how dear its

luxurious appointments were to his wife, and how bitterly she would feel their loss, if things came to the worst, that made him more than usually silent and preoccupied when they met.

One morning the nervous tension was so great that when she informed him, at breakfast, of her intention to send out cards for a formal and necessarily expensive reception, he sharply forbade her to think of such a thing. Almost instantly recovering himself, he apologized for the rudeness of his answer, and tried to explain that it would take every dollar he had in the world to see them safely through the present crisis, without throwing money away on useless extravagance.

The words "throwing money away on useless extravagance" incensed her beyond control. She spoke with a bitterness which, for the first time in their married lives, drew from Brentwood a stern command to be silent, and the advice that "she would better go to her room until she could command her temper." Then, with this trouble between himself and the wife he dearly loved added to his overwhelming cares, he went pluckily down town to do his best toward averting disaster.

Jessie, with blazing eyes, walked back and forth in her room, stinging and smarting in every nerve under the masterful tone with which her husband had silenced her. She had absolutely no appreciation of life in straitened circumstances. She had vaguely heard of poverty, but she did not know what it meant. That they could ever be cramped for ready money to such an extent that they would be obliged to cut down their expenses was a contingency to which she gave not a moment's consideration. Her sole feeling, that morning, was one of indignation that any man should speak to her as John had.

She was writhing under this sense of injury when Mrs. Heron-Martin was announced. Jessie not only received her at once, but imprudently narrated the scene at breakfast; and her friend added fuel to her anger by a spiteful condemnation of Brentwood's action. When she left, Jessie had firmly resolved to take a

step of which in calmer hours she might have seen the folly. She sat down at her little Louis Seize davenport—a gift from John—and feverishly scrawled a letter on her own crested paper:

JOHN:

It seems impossible, after your brutal conduct this morning, that we should ever live happily together. I have tried to act the part of a dutiful wife toward you, and to get along for the sake of appearances, though our ideas and tastes are antagonistic; but it is useless. Let us have no talk, no scandal. I am going home to papa, and shall ask him to take me abroad at once. I shall try to think of you kindly, and regret that we could not agree.

Yours,

JESSIE AMSTERMAN BRENTWOOD.

This precious document she instructed Williams to place by his master's plate at dinner, adding that "she was dining out that evening." Then, calling for her brougham, she drove to her old home on Madison Avenue.

Mr. Amsterman, after a hard, discouraging day, was delighted to find Jessie waiting for him.

"It's very good of you, Jess," he said, "to drop in; almost makes us forget you have really gone from us. How is John? I suppose he will be here before dinner is served, eh?"

"Quite well, papa, thank you; but I doubt if he comes in time for dinner. It is often late when he gets home." She couldn't bring herself to the point of telling her father that she had left her husband forever.

Then they went into the library, to warm up by the cheerful log fire, and to have what Mr. Amsterman called "one of the old comfortable talks."

"I suppose John's business keeps him pretty well occupied. Ah, Jess, my girl, these are shaky times in the business world—many a man worth millions last month hasn't a crust to his name today. We none of us know how we are coming out eventually. You don't know how thankful I am, my dear, that you have such a sterling man for a husband—I tell you I bless the very sight of him. Tell me, is his business all right?"

"I suppose so—how should I know? He says very little about it, and I don't understand such things."

"Ah, but you should, Jess. You can't imagine what a help your dear mother has been to me these last months. She knows every night just where I stand, and tries her best not to have many bills until money gets easier. Now, you are running an expensive house, Jessie; you ought to know how much it costs you every year. Just figure it up, and try to live as economically as possible. I tell you no business man knows tonight what tomorrow may bring to him."

"Do you really mean, papa, that there is any danger of our being actually poor—of having to pinch and save, like—like common people? Why, life wouldn't be worth living if one had to drop out of one's place in society, and lose all one's friends! I'm sure we couldn't live any more economically than we do and be respectable."

"Yes, you could, Jess, if you had to—I only hope you won't be obliged to. At your age you could live in a comfortable and thoroughly respectable house further up town, or perhaps in Brooklyn; have plenty to eat, dress well enough for anybody, and entertain lots of good friends—friends who value you and don't care a rap for your surroundings—on six thousand a year, or less; yet you must spend over twenty without, as far as I can see, getting as much real happiness out of it. Why, your mother and I thought we were rich when I got a salary of five thousand after we had been married ten years; but you see we hadn't as many outside interests as people seem to have nowadays. We were satisfied with each other, and our pleasures were inexpensive ones. Hasn't John told you to be careful about money matters these days?"

"Never before today. He's the best man I ever saw about dressmakers' bills—never even looks cross over them; but this morning he was very rude to me about my reception, week after next, and forbade me to send out a single invitation, though they were all engraved and addressed. It was shameful of him!"

"You don't mean to say you thought of going to the expense of a reception at this time? But there—you didn't know



the condition of things. By the way, Fred tells me you have been out a great deal lately without John. Now I don't think that looks quite right, Jess."

"But, papa, what am I to do? He refuses to go with me. Sometimes, of late, he is rude, and says he has other things to think about."

"I should say he had; and your place, my dear, is by his side, always, in trouble or prosperity—there, there, dear, never mind, I dare say you didn't think. Don't cry, Jess; never too late to mend, you know."

"Never too late to mind!" As the wide open eyes looked fixedly into the glowing embers a realization began to creep slowly through her awakening brain. She remembered what she had done. She knew Brentwood well enough to fear that with his iron resolution and strong feeling he would never ask her to return to the house and husband she had voluntarily deserted. As the long evening after dinner wore on, she took but scant part in the general conversation; for she was remembering, one by one, every little act of loving kindness shown her by John since their wedding day. Their points of disagreement seemed blotted from her mind like a troubled dream. How gentle and considerate he had been toward her! How lonely and desolate the thought of living without him now seemed! What if he should never forgive her? Ah, how foolish, how unjust, she had been! She would go to him, now—no, it was too late; the snow was already a foot deep, and—what could she say to him?

For Brentwood the day had been a crucial one. He had fortunately been able to realize on some of his securities, and put the proceeds, together with his entire account in one bank, into a safe deposit vault. The money in the Chemical he felt easy about, and his real estate was safe; but as he called a cab and drove home through the blinding snow he knew that, for a while at least, they could not afford to remain in their house or keep their horses.

"Poor Jessie," he thought, "I'm afraid the dear girl will feel very sore over this, but there's no help for it. We

can't go the pace until business is a great deal better. Poor girl, how shall I tell her? Well, Williams"—as he opened the door and took off his coat—"stormy night, isn't it? Mrs. Brentwood up stairs?"

"No, sir; she's dining out."

"Dining out! Such a night as this? Where?"

"Mr. Amsterman's, I think, sir."

"Strange! She said nothing to me about it. All right, serve the dinner at once; the storm has made me hungry."

There were several letters by his plate, and he finished the soup before coming to Jessie's note at the bottom of the pile.

"Ah," he thought, "she probably wants me to come for her. Well, I know where she is, so I won't open this just yet—Williams, where's Jack?"

"Out in the laundry, sir. It was too cold for him in the yard."

"I should say it was; let him in. Well, old boy," as the faithful animal put his paws on his master's shoulders, "you don't want to dine out this bitter night, do you? Here's a bone for you. Take it over by the fire, and mind you don't make a mess with it, or your mistress will scold both of us. There, never mind—I know you're fond of me, old chap, but run along with your bone—I want my dinner, too, you know."

He had scarcely taken a mouthful before the sight of Jessie's unopened note stopped him. "Queer," he thought, "that she should have bothered about writing—guess I'd better read it now. Why, hello—what on earth—?"

As the meaning of the words became clear to him he shivered, as if with a chill. He looked over at her vacant chair—at her plate and napkin; then he glanced about the room in a dazed way, with quivering lips, and mechanically went on with his dinner.

His sad meal over, he went silently up to his wife's apartments, Jack trotting at his heels. Not a trace of disturbance showed itself about the room. "Ah," he thought, "for the sake of appearances—she will expect me to send her little belongings to her, later. Well, so be it; but, oh, Jessie, I didn't think it of you!"

For two long hours he tried to read, over his cigar, in the library. What difference did it make now whether he was a beggar or not? What had he to live or care for? His club? Bah, the very thought was sickening to him! Travel? Where? For what? And yet, only a few weeks ago, how happy he had been over the thought of some day revisiting with Jessie the London, Paris, Rome, Cairo, Bombay, he knew so well! Turn grasping money getter? For what? For whom?

His cigar went out a dozen times—he paced up and down, up and down, until Jack howled from sheer nervousness. Then he went up to Jessie's room again. There was the pretty wrapper she had worn that morning. As he touched it, he fancied it yet warm from her graceful body. All her silver and crystal toilet articles lay on the dressing tables; among them many a trinket he had given her. He looked for the pretty gold locket with his picture—his present the week before, upon their first wedding anniversary—but it was not there. He remembered she had worn it on a chain about her neck; perhaps she had cared enough to take it with her.

Just then Jack, with an affectionate whine, picked a photograph from the chair by the davenport and brought it to him. It was a new and excellent one of herself, which he had never seen, and on the back was written, "To John, from Jessie." There were several blurred marks on it that looked suspiciously like tears; and so they were. The picture had been taken in honor of his birthday, and she had intended giving it to him that night. As he looked at it the tears started in his own eyes. "Perhaps—perhaps—if I were to go for her—Jack, old chap, are you lonesome, too, without Jess?"

Jack whined and sniffed about the wrapper and shoes.

"Want to go and bring her back, doggie?"

Jack gave several short, delighted barks, and scratched at the door with his paws.

"All right, old chap, we'll go and fetch her home."

Jessie had gone, for the twentieth time, to the front window, hoping against hope, when the muffled whirr of wheels coming quickly through the snow made her strain her eyes out into the storm. A coupé came into the ray of light from the door, and a tall animated ulster, accompanied by a rolling, plunging ball of red fur, came up the steps. Before Brentwood could shake the snow from his coat, Jessie was in his arms, with a passionately whispered "Forgive me; oh, my husband!" and Jack was raising the echoes with his happy barks, as, standing on his hind legs, he tried to lick her face.

Mr. Amsterman and the rest of the family came out from the library with cordial greetings. "Why, John, we almost feared the storm would prevent your coming. Jessie has been quite worried. Send the carriage back and spend the night—do, now."

"Well, I don't know; it's a beastly night out. What do you say, Jess? No—Williams will be sitting up for us, and I guess I'll stay at home and rest tomorrow. The truth is, I've been overworking lately. How are you all? How do you find business, father?"

"All well, thanks; but business is bad. Yours is no worse than the general run, I hope?"

"No; I think I may say we shall pull through, though we may have to retrench a little. Come, Jess. Good night, all."

Safe in his arms, with the warm rug wrapped about her, and Jack covering her feet, Jessie cried softly all the way home. When they reached her own room, she put her arms about his neck and asked, "John, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, love—haven't I got you back again? Ah, little girl, you'll never know what a difference it made when I sat here alone with Jack, and thought I had lost you."

With one hand buried in Jack's silky coat, she shuddered a little; then looked up and said, "I think I can understand now, John. Do you remember what the dear old colonel said—about the first year? It ended last week, dear. I think the rest will be—happier."



## TWO MEN OF THE HOUR.

*Mayor Strong and Recorder Goff, the men whom New York has called to the task of reforming her administrative and judicial life—Their characters, and the fitness of each for his work.*

By Thomas C. Quinn.

THE city of New York was suffering from many political evils. The pessimism of Huxley and the kindly fears of Bryce regarding the success of free institutions began to find a substantial basis in the minds of the thoughtful but politically inert New Yorker. It was a time when the future of the city hung in the balance. Would the people revolt and overthrow an unworthy regime, or would things be allowed to jog along a little worse than before? The calm that preceded last November's election was ominous. Politicians talked, of course. The mass of the citizens were silent.

The hour for action had arrived.

Then came the choice of a man who possessed the requisite qualities to be the head of a new and better civic government. The choice fell on William L. Strong, merchant and banker. He possessed the first essential. He was known by his fellow merchants to be thoroughly democratic; a man of affairs eminent for his business sagacity, and of good repute for his probity and public spirit; a man of force of conviction and sturdiness of character.

Twenty four hours prior to his nomination as candidate for the mayoralty, William L. Strong was practically unknown to the great body of New York voters, though his career was familiar to the world of business and finance. Twenty four hours later, the candidate's plain but honorable life history was familiar to the majority of his fellow citizens. They decided that he would do, and they elected him.

Every one of the sixty eight years of the life of William L. Strong—with the

exception, of course, of his infancy—has been passed in devotion to hard work; not always profitable, nor always successful, but always with a view to giving full measure to every fellow man with whom he had dealings. Born in Ohio, the son of a struggling farmer who had migrated thence from Connecticut, he had none of the early advantages that wealth and luxurious environment can bestow. He possessed, however, good health, a spirit that gave him the capacity to work with tireless vigor, and an elasticity which would not allow him to endure inactivity or suppression.

His Americanism bids fair to make him *persona grata* to his fellow citizens. He is distinctly of the people. He suffers no loss of dignity from the fact that he worked for years in different dry goods stores, in more or less humble capacities. At thirteen he lost his father, and the burden of supporting his family was placed upon his boyish shoulders.

A plain, honest, every day American citizen—such is Mr. Strong, whose supporters confidently expect to show that he is made of good mayoralty timber.

Just before the conditions that called William L. Strong into public life were ripe, while the effervescence that was to crystallize into the present municipal government was working, there emerged from the sea of humanity which composes this great city, another man whom the exigencies of the hour had called forth.

His name was John W. Goff.

Another plain, every day American citizen; straightforward, simple, outspoken. The popular effect of Mr.

Goff's quick ascent to fame was remarkable. The people were almost

Like some watcher of the skies,

When a new planet sweeps into his ken.

As a lawyer, Mr. Goff had lived among them for many years. He had held one public office—that of assistant district attorney—yet he was practically undiscovered until, as leading counsel for the Lexow Committee, he burst asunder all the fetters of obscurity, and stood before the people a remarkable man.

Recorder John W. Goff has won his spurs. When Brinsley Sheridan, after a four days' speech laden with the terrible arraignment of Warren Hastings—perhaps the most brilliant and sustained effort recorded in English history—when Sheridan was carried fainting from the hall, his effort was extolled as a marvel of human endurance, coupled with human genius. Mr. Goff's performance as counsel to the Lexow Committee was carried on without a halt, without a single anticlimax, throughout an entire summer. The effort was certainly extraordinary, and its results promise to be momentous. This fragile looking Irish American may be said to have politically revolutionized New York. Stronger men have broken down in accomplishing far less. Men of greater genius, perhaps, have attempted exploits measurably less hazardous, and have failed.

Glance a second time at this slender man with snow white hair, and a face deep lined with constant thought. Beneath the apparently narrow shoulders, with their scholarly stoop, there is room for a pair of sound lungs. That they pump a good supply of oxygen into the eager circulation, is evident from the clear color of the face. It is not difficult to see that the man is of sanguine temperament, and that tells in a word the whole story of his persistency and his success.

Mr. Goff came to America an ambitious Irish lad without a dollar to his name. He sailed to New York from the eastward some years after William L. Strong was approaching it from the westward. The orbits of the twin stars who were to make an era in the political history

of the metropolis were nearing each other, neither aware of the honorable destiny that awaited him.

Mr. Goff was forty five years old when he acquired his present prominence in New York City. He was born in the south of Ireland, and had seen something of life in England and South America when, in 1865, he landed in New York, and, like young William Strong, obtained work in a dry goods store. Trade was not congenial to the man, the bent of whose mind was toward logic and metaphysics. He was caught more than once studying his Blackstone when he should, perhaps, have been doing up parcels. He was forgiven, however. Among his employers was A. T. Stewart, to whose honor be it said that he encouraged the young Irishman in his studies. Thanks to Peter Cooper's philanthropy, young Goff was enabled to force an education out of New York under cover of the night. He did not feed his body very highly in those days, but his eager mind was well supplied with pabulum. Against heavy odds, the most galling of which was caused by poverty, he succeeded in his longed for object. He was admitted to the bar.

John W. Goff is by no means an idealist or fanatic. Although an earnest reformer, he does not believe that he and his friends have brought about the millennium. His knowledge of human nature is too deep and too broad for that. It was a condition and not a theory that he confronted. He recognized the force of the fact that morality and earnestness will not necessarily produce reform. He realized that

We must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

Like a wise mariner, he embarked at flood tide, and it led on to fortune for himself, and, it is to be hoped, to a new and better era for the community of which he is an integral part.

Mr. Goff knows thoroughly the weaknesses of human nature, and he does not lay the flattering unction to his soul that New York will remain good as a community without any further effort. He is no pessimist, but he is not

egotist enough to imagine that the good work of himself and his collaborators is sufficient for the lasting redemption of municipal mankind.

Mr. Goff has a charming personality.

not care. He is the antithesis of a dude, and yet he would not look *outré* arm in arm with a modern Beau Brummel.

Democratic? Step into one of the numerous "quick lunches" in the lower



William L. Strong, Mayor of New York.

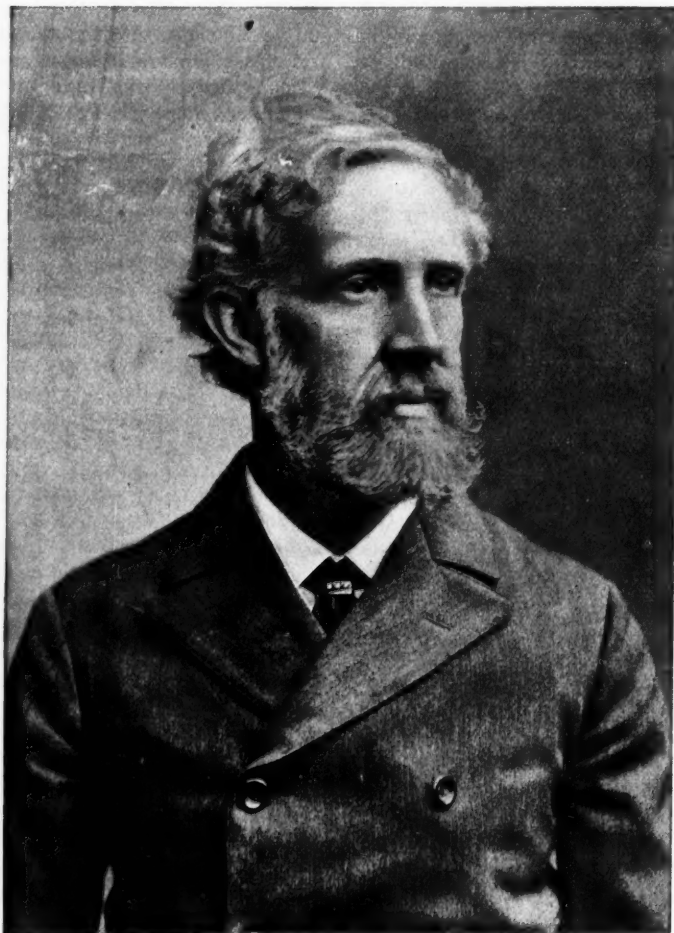
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

He possesses dignity, without severity. His mind is often given up to the light play of fancy and the sparkle of Irish wit. His voice is one of rare charm, and has a sufficient suggestion of brogue, which, like the delicate perfume of a wild flower, makes one long for more. His attire indicates the carelessness of genius. Without being slovenly, it is marked by a sort of nondescript indifference. He evidently does not know how he is dressed, and he certainly does

part of the city. Observe that gentleman with somewhat ragged white hair and beard, holding in one hand a cup of coffee, in the other a sandwich. The florid face is thoughtful, but placid. If he is the observed of all observers, he appears absolutely unaware of the fact. He is snatching a bite, in order to sustain life. He must hurry back to his work.

That is John W. Goff.

Goff and Strong—well sounding



John W. Goff, Recorder of New York.

*From a photograph by Prince, New York.*

names, those! Goff a Democrat in politics, Strong a consistent Republican; both domestic in their tastes, and both endowed with a great capacity for hard work. Strong with a sturdy, straightforward mind, not reveling in subtle logic or the science of metaphysics, but plowing straight ahead to attain the object in view. Goff, keen, subtle, of many sided mentality; a clever actor, with a bright play of fancy, a merry jest, or an avalanche of thunderous wrath; most dangerous when least suspected; armed with the weapons of the wicked, but using them in defense of the right.

Strong, of the stuff of which successful

merchants are made; possessed of great patience, not overburdened with imagination, seeing things in their exact proportions; with a perfect knowledge of the value of money, thoroughly balanced by having known the want of it early in life. Goff, who fulfilled his destiny in working himself out of commerce; with an eager, inquiring mind that must be satisfied, with no knowledge of the value of money; a man who could never be rich, unless some one undertook the management of his estate; a man to whom a vista of Easy Street has appeared for the first time, perhaps, after having passed his forty fifth year.



The Houses of Parliament at Ottawa.  
 From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

## A COLONIAL COURT.

*The Earl of Aberdeen, Queen Victoria's representative in the Dominion of Canada—  
 The official state and ceremony he maintains at Ottawa, and the social  
 festivities of Rideau Hall.*

By Malcolm Mackenzie.

TWENTY odd years ago, when the British colonies in North America joined to form a single great confederation, the titular headship of the new Dominion of Canada became one of the most important posts in Queen Victoria's empire. And one of its first occupants was a man of such personality, such tact and genius, and so ably backed by a clever wife, that its importance was emphasized and enhanced by the brilliant traditions Lord Dufferin created; and when his term expired his successor was the husband of one of the queen's daughters.

But when Lord Dufferin left the Canada he had helped to make, and the Marquis of Lorne came to take his place, the difference between the two men was speedily felt. Lord Lorne had none of the qualities that make a great colonial governor; and his wife, the Princess Louise, was equally out of her element in the new born capital on the banks of the Ottawa river. Brought up in the rarefied atmosphere of a court, she was the very opposite of the gay, hearty, sympathetic, and typically Irish Lady Dufferin. There was no regret when the marquis' term of office ended.



His successors have been chosen from the ablest statesmen England had to offer. First came Lord Lansdowne, who went from Ottawa to be viceroy of the great Indian empire; then Lord Stanley of Preston, and last year Lord Aberdeen, whose regime at Rideau Hall is already marked as the most popular since that of Lord Dufferin.

bill, he served for a few months, at Gladstone's appointment, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His place in Dublin was a difficult one, and yet he succeeded not only in asserting his position, but in winning over, by his tact and geniality, many of the most antagonistic factions; and when Gladstone's short lived government fell, and Lord Aberdeen resign-



The Earl of Aberdeen.

*From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.*

John Campbell Hamilton-Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen in the peerage of Scotland, and Viscount Gordon in that of England, is a grandson of "the traveled thane, Athenian Aberdeen," who was prime minister of England at the beginning of the Crimean war. He is a man of forty seven; his wife, who is several years younger, is a daughter of the first Lord Tweedmouth. In early life he was a Conservative; but the "jingoism" of Beaconsfield's last administration offended him, and he became a political supporter of Mr. Gladstone, whose intimate friend he is.

Eight years ago, in the bitterness of the controversy over the Home Rule

ed with it, he left Ireland amid almost universal regret.

He is one of the great land owners of Scotland, and his estates have long been noted for the excellence of their management. Haddo House, which is one of the show places of the country, saw the beginning of a movement for giving a better understanding between employer and employed, that has grown into the Onward and Upward Society, which now has a membership of about ten thousand, and a magazine devoted to its interests. Lady Aberdeen carried to Ireland the idea of this association, and one of her first journeys was to the villages where Irish lace had once been

made. This industry she revived, encouraging the lace workers, and creating a market for their work. It was entirely due to her efforts that an Irish village, exhibiting the typical industries of the peasantry, was exhibited in Chicago at the World's Fair.

Lord Aberdeen was actively interested in Canada long before he was made gov-

near to the people, will ever understand Ottawa as Lady Dufferin instinctively knew it. Socially it is of mushroom growth. Until the parliament buildings were placed there, the town consisted of a scattered line of houses on the river bank. The situation is one of great beauty, consisting of a series of commanding bluffs above the



The Countess of Aberdeen.  
From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

ernor general. He owned a ranch of nearly seventeen thousand acres in British Columbia, and had gone into farming and stock raising upon a very large scale, as early as 1891. All of these things made him and his wife popular in Canada at once. They have the qualities that appeal to a new and earnest civilization, and the dignity that wins respect. Then, too, Lord Aberdeen is a Scotchman, and the backbone of Canada is Scotch.

The Canadian capital is like no other city on earth; and it is doubtful if Lady Aberdeen, with all her kindness of heart, her sincere wish to come

Ottawa river; and Canadians maintain that the government buildings are the handsomest edifices in America.

To the farmers about, their uprising was like a work of enchantment. Men who had been common laborers found themselves rich men, as their rocky fields were transformed into valuable lots and busy streets by the building of a capital.

From the first snowfall in autumn to the "thaw" in May, the snow lies on the ground, packing harder and harder, and growing deeper and deeper. Sparks Street, the longest street in Ottawa, becomes by four o'clock a moving pageant



Lord Haddo, Lady Marjorie Gordon, and Hons. Dudley and Archibald Gordon.

*From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.*

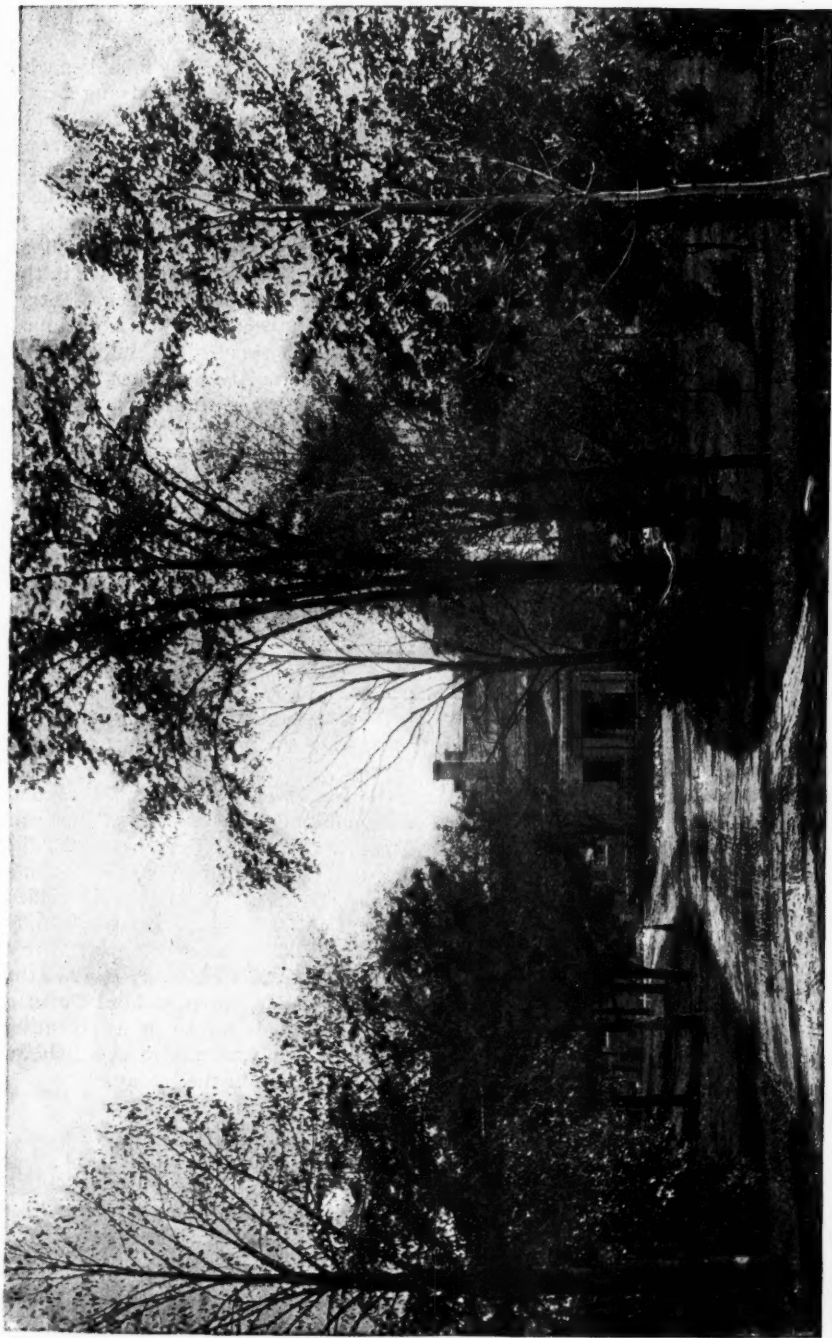
of handsome sleighs filled with splendid furs. Driving through them, the vice-regal liveries will be seen, making as much of a stir there as the queen's carriage makes in London.

Rideau Hall is the official center of the arctic gaieties of Ottawa in winter. It is about two miles from the city proper, on the Montreal road, and is surrounded by a small park. In this there are curling rinks and skating ponds and toboggan slides. At the hall there is almost always a house party of English visitors who have come out to Canada to enjoy the novel sports. The more entertaining there is at the residence, the better the Canadians like the governor general. Lord and Lady Dufferin found this out at once, and they indulged the taste for social festivi-

ties to the full. Lady Aberdeen is admired and appreciated, yet it is a question whether more dances would not make her more popular in Ottawa.

At the beginning of the season an aide de camp makes out a list of people who are to have season invitations to the toboggan and skating parties at Rideau Hall. These are given at stated intervals, and everybody with the least claim to social recognition is invited. Torches are put in rows down the sides of the slide, and in the bare trees about the cleared pond. Huge bonfires are built, and attendants with coffee and bouillon serve the guests.

The opening of the Canadian parliament is one of the sights of Ottawa. It is particularly interesting to a citizen of the United States, with its Old World



Rideau Hall, Residence of the Governor General of Canada.

*From a photograph by Tozile, Ottawa.*

atmosphere of ceremony, pageantry, and color. The "gentleman usher of the black rod," who wears black silk stockings and carries messages between the governor general and the parliament, always impresses the visitor as a stray from a Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

On the floor of the house, immediately facing the governor general's throne, the ladies of the viceregal court appear in full dress and hold a sort of reception before the governor general arrives, to the delight of the crowd that has made its way into the galleries. A conspicuous figure upon these occasions used to be Lady Macdonald, the wife of Sir John A. Macdonald, premier of Canada. During her husband's life Lady Macdonald ruled official Ottawa in a social way. Even the Princess Louise found that her desires were overridden when Lady Macdonald pronounced against them.

The hour for the opening of parliament having arrived, the great gates, which are for him alone, swing open to the governor general's carriage, and with all the glitter of uniforms, and liveried and wigged servants, he drives through amid the cheers of the crowds. The address is spoken first in English and then in French, as many of the representatives from Lower Canada speak only the latter tongue. At the opening of the Montreal Board of Trade building, Lord Aberdeen told the French people that "what we need more than unity of language is unity of purpose."

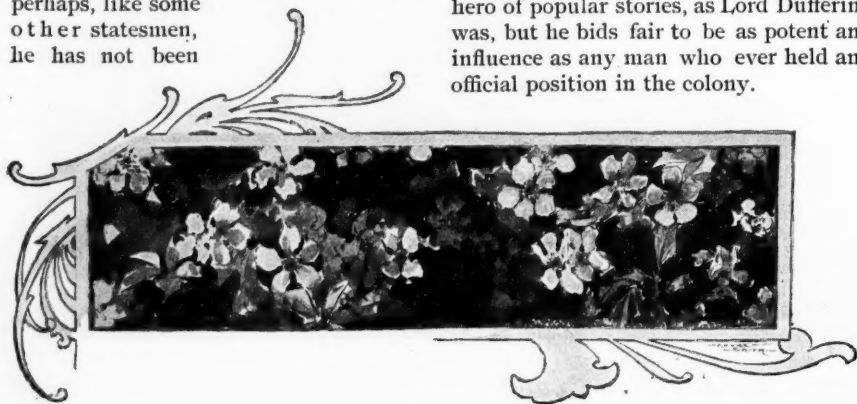
The present governor general has learned the Canadians' love of flattery, and perhaps, like some other statesmen, he has not been

free from the temptation to use it. But that is a fault that the Canadians will find easily pardonable.

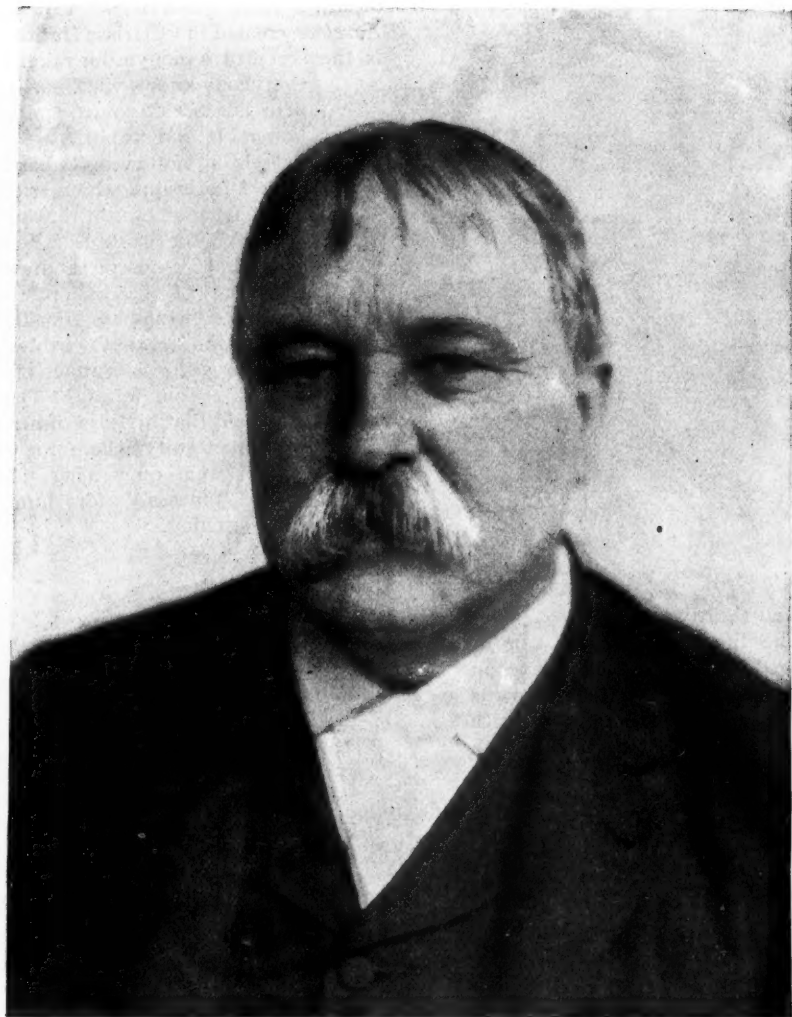
The American is greatly mistaken who imagines that there is a strong sentiment in Canada in favor of annexation to the United States. The Canadians, and particularly those who are some little distance from the border, are enthusiastically loyal to their own government. It is not so much loyalty to England as loyalty to Canada. They believe in the future greatness of their own country, and they respect their own customs. They look to the United States for no models. Lord Aberdeen has perfectly understood this sentiment, and fosters it, for around it grow patriotism and national development.

The governor general of Canada has in reality little to say to the politics of the country. The people are their own rulers, and the authority that comes from England must listen respectfully to the words of their representatives. At the most, Lord Aberdeen's is an office which shapes ends by means of personal influence and tact.

It seems probable that five years from now, when the present governor general leaves Canada, it will be with the affectionate respect of the entire nation, and amid a demonstration such as was given him when he left Ireland. The fact that he has made large investments in the country, that he has identified himself with the Canadians as a people, and that their interests are his, gives them confidence in him. He is not the hero of popular stories, as Lord Dufferin was, but he bids fair to be as potent an influence as any man who ever held an official position in the colony.







William Dean Howells.  
*From a photograph by Coz, New York*

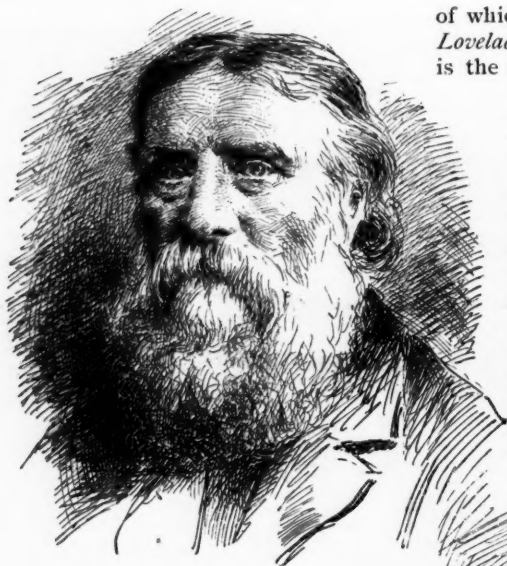
## THE NOVEL.

*The great typical form of contemporary literature—The wonderful development of the novel—How it began, and what it has become in the hands of its English and American masters.*

By Margaret Field.

LOOKING at the vast numbers of novels that are read today, and the seriousness with which they are received, not only in the high places of criticism, but by the last tribunal of all

—the minds of the people—it begins to appear that of the various classes of literary production, all of which are its seniors by ages, many are being merged into the novel.



George Macdonald.

And rightly so.

The life of every age can be judged by the records it leaves in art and literature. Poetry accords with some ages, philosophy with others, and narrative history with others. In ours has come the day of the novel. It has come to be the favorite text book upon almost every subject, as well as an entertainment.

It seems almost impossible that the novel should only date back about one hundred and fifty years. "Pamela," published in 1740, was really the first of the type, although there had been premonitions of it in stories and poems for ages, and "Robinson Crusoe" had come near being a novel. Since that day of great invention it has grown from its artificial state into the freest and most natural expression of literature.

"Pamela" was written by Samuel Richardson, a printer, who was fifty one when he conceived the idea of writing that series of "letters from a beautiful young damsel to her parents" which became the companion of all sentimental women and the admiration of all critics. He wrote two novels beside this, both

of which have given names to a type. *Lovelace*, created in "Clarissa Harlowe," is the accepted synonym for rake, and everybody knows what sort of a man is a *Sir Charles Grandison*, honorable and stupid.

Fielding followed Richardson with a burlesque which, ridiculous as it was, taught the author as well as the world that he was a novelist. "Joseph Andrews," the parody of "Pamela" in which *Pamela's* virtues are transferred to her brother with grotesque effect, was the forerunner of the famous "Tom Jones." Thackeray said that his idea of heaven was an eternity where Fielding went on writing "Tom Joneses" for him to enjoy.



Anthony Trollope.

Smollett followed hard upon Fielding, and for a quarter of a century novels were produced that held the attention of the reading public in a day when such men as Gray and Hume were writing. Then for forty years there was a lapse, broken into by only one recognized novel—"Evelina," by Fanny Burney. We find this a very stupid and tiresome tale today, but it was heralded in Queen



THE EARLIER NOVELISTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Washington Irving.

Sir Walter Scott.

Bulwer-Lytton.

James Fenimore Cooper.



FIVE GREAT NOVELISTS OF THE LAST GENERATION.

Charles Kingsley.

Charles Dickens.

Wilkie Collins.

Charles Reade.

William M. Thackeray.



## A GROUP OF CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Henry James.

Frank R. Stockton.

George du Maurier.

F. Marion Crawford.

Charlotte's day, by no less a critic than Dr. Johnson, as an immortal work.

In 1811 Jane Austen brought out "Sense and Sensibility," and in 1814

the first novel by "The Great Unknown" saw the light. For ten years novels dropped from Scott's pen seemingly as rapidly as it could move. With





FIVE NOVELISTS OF TODAY.

Captain Charles King.

Jerome K. Jerome.

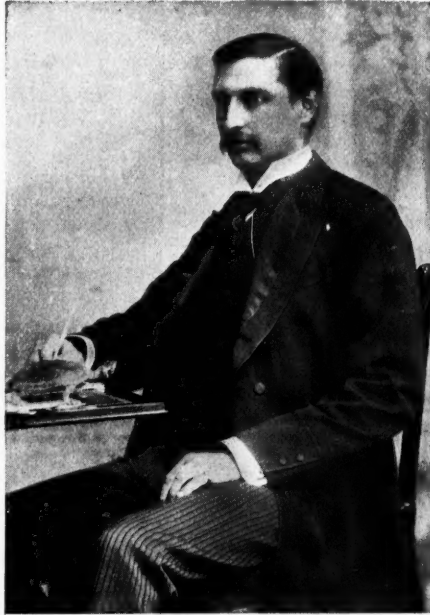
James Matthew Barrie.

Dr. Conan Doyle.

Thomas Hardy.

him began a veritable renaissance of the novel which was felt on both sides of the Atlantic. James Fenimore Cooper, the son of an American pioneer, read "Waverly," and seeing in the new country about him material for no less stirring romance, began his remarkable series of books. Not far behind him came Washington Irving with his stories of Dutch New York, which can scarcely be called novels. These two were the real founders of American fiction.

These were the days of romance writing, when heroes were created. Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose "Scarlet Let-



H. Rider Haggard.

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.*

ter" no American novelist has ever come near equaling, maintained the traditions of Cooper and Irving, but in quite a different field. The morbidness of the Puritans fascinated him. The mysterious life of the human soul was his theme; and it seemed in his hands that the immaterial became real, and the material a mere shadow.

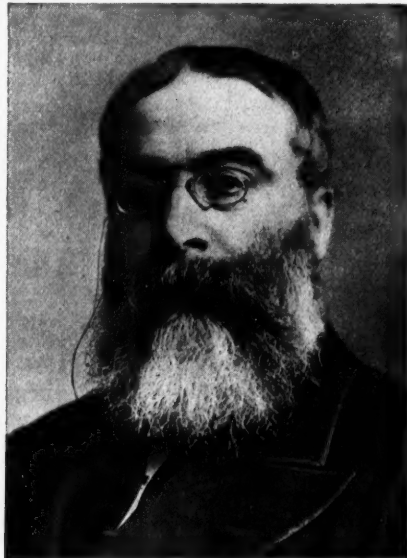
We are saying now that we are again entering upon a period of romance reading; that we enjoy it

as the reaction from realism. If authors and publishers could only be made to understand it, the public has never tired



W. Clark Russell.

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.*



Walter Besant.

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.*

FIVE WOMEN NOVELISTS.

Margaret Deland.

"Ouida."

Dinah Maria Mulock.

"George Eliot."

Mrs. Humphry Ward.



*James Ritchie*

of romance. It has always made the sweets of literature. There has never, at any period, been a romance really deserving the name, which has not been a success. Richard Blackmore's "*Lorna Doone*" appeared at the height of the craze for realism, and ran into thirty editions. The whole under world of fiction is romantic in its tendencies; and sometimes an author writing for a small audience finds himself with a large one. Robert Louis Stevenson, for instance, wrote his first romances for boys.

After Scott came Bulwer-Lytton with his two distinct sets of novels; then Lover and Lever, and next the great pair, Dickens and Thackeray. Thackeray was a novelist to whom, if to any one, may be given the name of being greatest of them all. He combined every gift that belongs to the master of fiction. He saw life from an individual standpoint, he saw it artistically, and he reported it delightfully.

Dickens' novels are brilliant fragments. Half the time he had no idea, when he put his hero into a position, how he intended to get him out of it. His characters were often unnatural, but they were consummately drawn. Wilkie Collins, who was his intimate friend in later years, had much to do with the evolution of the Dickens novel. It began as a sketch, and ended as a story with a plot, sometimes so involved that it was borne down by its own weight.

In France, during these years, the novel was showing itself as the most complete medium of a people's expression. The great names at the head of French literature in this century are novelists. Balzac, George Sand, and Flaubert were masters of the art. To-day Zola might be called the most masculine of the novelists, as Paul Bourget expresses everything that we mean by the word feminine in its most exquisite sense. Zola writes not of men or women, but of masses. His people are results, and he shows us the immense social machinery which has moved them. He writes the drama of a race. The main interests of modern man occupy his pen, and while his novels are

brutal at times, and faulty with an overweight of detail, they hold the story of an epoch. He is great, colossal, a genius; a Titan playing with worlds.

Thomas Hardy easily stands at the head of the English novelists of this decade. We are hearing a great deal, at the moment, concerning "*Trilby*" and "*The Manxman*," and "*Marcella*" is only off our tongues, but the authors of none of these are novelists in the sense that Thomas Hardy is a novelist. People have created creeds out of Thomas Hardy's novels, as experience of life might have given them creeds.

His reputation was made by men instead of women. Women are generally supposed to decide a novel's fate, because they have more time to read than men; but it is doubtful if the idea is altogether a true one. We know that Lord Tennyson was, and Mr. Gladstone is, an assiduous student of novels, though neither of them could be accused of idleness. Again, take "*Trilby*" for an example. Women would never have given that beautiful piece of unreality its vogue. *Trilby* appealed to them, generally, only after she was passionately admired by men. She appealed to men because Du Maurier so skilfully revived, for the moment, the glamour of youth. *Trilby* was the *Trilby* youth believed her to be. In every page there was a point of view which men had left behind years before. Withered emotions bloomed again. The old chords were struck. In this "*Trilby*" is great; much greater than that minute and truthful depiction of one of the fence corners of the world which Mr. Howells calls a novel.

A novel cannot be a novel without dramatic life; lacking this, it is simply a study. Balzac has been compared to Howells, but it was only by those who have a superficial knowledge of the great French master. Balzac's great work, the "*Comédie Humaine*" was in itself one novel. Sometimes, in reading a single volume of Balzac, it may seem that some of his situations are unimportant; but when the whole great work is put together as the author meant that it should be, in logical sequence, it is seen that nothing is without its value.

He was the critic of his time, the moral historian, the real novelist.

Critics arise now and then to protest against love being made the central motive of the majority of novels. It was a fashion that nature set when she made it the central motive of the world. It is the life of the race, and all conditions spring from it, or from its lack; but nature treats it with far more judgment than the average novelist. She gives it its due in the beginnings of stories; the novelist gets his perspective wrong, and makes it the end of all things.

There is always a certain charm in a fresh love story, and there is a fascination in the record of a strong man or woman being influenced, sometimes against the struggling force of their entire natures, through that mysterious attraction we call love. To expect the world to tire of love stories is to expect it to lose interest in the first stirrings of spring in the air. Humanity does not grow old. Youth comes with the seasons, with the same innocence and curiosity that Eve knew in Paradise; and youth requires its story books to tell it what it wants to know.

Thackeray used to say that he asked of a novel only "plenty of love and blood." As a matter of fact, the two elements are hard to mix. The man who can write love stories can seldom describe a fight. Rider Haggard, whom Andrew Lang calls "Homeric" as a teller of "blood," weaves little love into his tales, while Stevenson disdains women altogether.

F. Marion Crawford can tell a love story, "A Roman Singer" being a model. Captain King tries it, and succeeds in giving a pleasant and wholesome sugar paste for young palates, adding an army flavor. James Matthew Barrie, in his "Little Minister," has made a love story that charms.

Anthony Trollope, Dinah Maria Mulock, and George MacDonald have writ-

ten love stories which we like to remember, and which sell steadily by the side of the "new fiction"—whatever the two words in conjunction happen to mean at the moment. Sometimes it is Mrs. Humphrey Ward or Mrs. Deland, with their protests against orthodoxy; sometimes it is Howells and James, with their leisurely saunter through a few months in the life of somebody who is not particularly interesting to anybody; sometimes it is in the clarion call of the "new woman," flaunting her sentiments from the housetops.

The historical novel pleases for two reasons. Reade, who wrote a manly story every time he put his pen to paper, made the success of his life in "The Cloister and the Hearth." Kingsley's "Hypatia" is at this moment appearing in a new edition.

Dr. Conan Doyle is the best historical novelist of today. He has made alive characters who were dead to us and dim in history.

There are some popular authors of fiction whose work in some directions is inimitable, but who are no more novelists than a pencil sketch is a great painting. Among these are such short story writers as Frank R. Stockton and Jerome K. Jerome. They are delightful entertainers, but the novel they do not know.

We hear a good deal today, from the writers of namby pamby literature about the English speaking people crying down "strong meat for men." They intimate that if they were only allowed, they would write virile, powerful novels, full of keen observation and dramatic force. They talk about "writing down to their audience." Yet George Eliot never seemed to find it necessary to "write down" to anybody, and she found her audience.

It may be generalized that the English speaking public will welcome any novelist who tells the truth. Being truthful, it is impossible to be immoral.





# THE AFFAIR AT ISLINGTON.\*

By Matthew White, Jr.,

*Author of "One of the Profession," "Allan Kane's Friend," etc.*

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

GILBERT DEAN and Estelle Osgood were lovers in the old days, but a quarrel parted them, and, deprived of the girl he loved, Dean married Louise Dartmouth. For a time he was contented, but while traveling in the West they attend a theatrical performance at Beverley, and in the leading woman of the company Gilbert recognizes his old love, Estelle Osgood.

Dean and his wife leave Beverley on the train which bears the "Borrowed Plumes" company, and Gilbert contrives to see the actress without exciting his wife's suspicions. The interview is a painful one to both, and yielding to Estelle's entreaties Dean leaves her, as he thinks, forever.

But fate wills otherwise. They are thrown together for a brief period by an accident to the train, and when finally Dean and the actress separate he is more hopelessly enthralled than ever.

Some weeks later the "Borrowed Plumes" company plays in Albany, which is not far from Dean's home at Islington. In order to see Estelle once more, Gilbert goes to Albany on the plea of a business engagement with a friend, Eugene Illford. Shortly after his departure a telegram arrives, which Louise opens. It contains the simple announcement that "E. O." will be in Albany that night. In the newspaper the wife reads of Estelle Osgood's presence in that city, and a fearful suspicion possesses her.

After twenty four hours of misery her husband returns, and she accuses him of his perfidy. But Dean has been forewarned of the message by the actress, and he allays his wife's suspicions by telling her that the telegram was from Illford, and attributing the difference in the initials to a telegrapher's blunder.

Louise reproaches herself for her suspicions, and is happy again, but Dean wonders if there is a more wretched man in all the world than he.

## IX.

THE days following Gilbert's return from Albany were joyous ones to Louise. Despising herself for her unjust suspicions, she was constantly discovering new evidences of her husband's affection. For Dean was careful now to be liberal in bestowing these. But in spite of that one night's contrition, his heart was still in Estelle's keeping. He had written to her the next morning, telling her not to distress herself about that telegram, for no harm had resulted. And she had replied, and thus the correspondence went on as briskly as before.

These letters from Dean were Estelle's most valued treasures. She looked upon him as the last link connecting her with the old

life, that life where women were always respected, and no coarseness of speech was ever suffered to come within their hearing. Her present environment had been sufficiently irksome before that night when the company played in Beverley. But then she had only become weary of it at times; now it was continually hateful to her. Yet she saw no escape; she was absolutely dependent on her salary, every penny of which must be carefully guarded lest she might not have enough to carry her through the long summer vacation. Relatives she had none, except those that were poorer than herself, and they had cast her off since she had gone on the stage.

Her present companions were friendly enough; too friendly at times. Harry Vane's attentions were odious to her. He had a wife traveling with another company. Estelle's soul sickened within her when she was driven to remind him of this fact, and he replied, "Well, my dear, I accord her the privilege of consoling herself as I am trying to do."

Contrasted with men such as these, Gilbert Dean seemed godlike, weak as Estelle recognized him to be. But then that weakness was betrayed only in yielding to his regard for her; and a woman can easily forgive such a failing in a man. His love, hopeless as she knew it to be, was the one thing now that made life worth living. It would be like stilling her very heart beats to put it out of her soul, and so she did not try. Although the thought was never formulated into an expectation, she knew that some time, somewhere, and soon, she would see Dean again. And Dean shared this hope—or rather not hope; with him it was an intention.

So the winter passed, and when spring came Estelle wrote that early in May the company were to play a one night stand in Islington. The local opera house had been renovated, and had been offered on such favorable terms to manager Roberts, that he

\*This story began in the November, 1894, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. Back numbers can be ordered of any newsdealer, or from the publishers.

had decided to cancel one date in Syracuse. Dean scarcely knew whether he was more rejoiced or disturbed to receive these tidings. To know that Estelle would be in the same town, and to be unable to be with her, would be unendurable; and yet, here at home, how could he manage it without betraying himself? But that he would manage it by some means, at whatever risk, he knew perfectly well.

As the day drew near, a feverish impatience seized him; and then, on the very morning when the "Borrowed Plumes" posters were put up in town, Illford appeared. Dean was out when he called at the office, but he found his card on his return: "Sorry to miss you. Will be busy the rest of the day, but will drop in on you at your home tonight."

Dean stood staring at the bit of paste-board as though it were endowed with the ability to inflict bodily injury on him. What should he do? Louise must not meet this man. Oh, of course there was no likelihood that she would. How absurd to be so fearful! A smile, but a faint one, curled the corner of his mustache, as he crushed the card together and dropped it into his overcoat pocket. It was not necessary that Louise should meet his business friends who called at the house to see him, although, to be sure, she often did. It would be safer to send Illford word not to come; to say that he would not be at home. But Dean did not know where to send the message. There was positively no way of communicating with the man.

"Then I must take Louise and go out somewhere tonight," Dean decided, and he began to cast about in his mind for a place to go. And as he thought, he grew calmer. He remembered how skilfully he had extricated himself from the telegram dilemma; surely his wits would not fail him now.

"Louise," he said, when he went home that night, "don't you want to go around with me to the Nevilles', this evening?" And she, delighted to go anywhere with her husband, gladly acquiesced.

"Let us start early, dear," he added, "so that we can come home in good time." He was fearful lest Illford might call before they got off.

He had his hat on, and was holding the front door open for his wife to pass out, when she exclaimed, "Oh, Gilbert, I snatched up my gloves so hastily that they are both for the same hand. Please go get the right one for me."

"How very stupid," he muttered, as he hurried off to do her bidding.

Louise looked after him wonderingly. It was not like Gilbert to talk in this way. There was a step on the graveled driveway. An instant later a figure appeared in the open door.

"Is Mr. Dean at home?" the new comer asked.

It was a man whom Louise did not know—a gentleman, she saw at a glance.

"Yes," she replied. "That is, we were just going out. Won't you walk in? My husband will be down stairs in a moment."

"He had a previous engagement, then. I am sorry, but I will wait and speak to him."

"Oh, no, it was no regular engagement," Louise returned pleasantly. "We were merely going out to call on some friends. Gilbert—Mr. Dean—suggested it while we were at dinner."

"Then he could not have received my card—but here he is, to speak for himself," and Illford walked toward the stairway, meeting Dean at the foot of it.

"Why, my dear fellow," the master of the house exclaimed, "this *is* a surprise. When did you arrive in town?"

"This morning. I dropped in on you at your office, but you were out, so I scribbled a message on a card and left it on your desk. Did you not see it?"

"Not a sign of it. Must have blown out of the window; things sometimes do. What did you say on it? But come on up to the library, and we'll have a smoke. Louise, you will excuse me, I know."

"Certainly, my dear." She had come to the stairway, expecting that her husband would introduce his friend, but he made no motion to do so, and the two went off up stairs together.

Louise strolled into the drawing room, and with her wraps still about her sat there for some time, thoughtfully turning her wedding ring round and round upon her finger. There had been something strange about Gilbert ever since he came home tonight. She recalled now that he had been unwontedly silent at the table until he had suddenly proposed making this call on the Nevilles, which was in itself an odd thing for him to do. Then he had hurried her off, was cross because she had brought the wrong glove, and now he had been almost rude in not introducing her. He must have heard her talking with his caller as he came down stairs.

"I think I will give him a little scolding," she decided, "after his friend has gone. If it is a business worry, he ought not to bring it home with him, or else he should

tell me all about it and let me help him bear it."

She rose and started to go up to her own room, to lay aside her things. In crossing the hall her glance chanced to fall on something white lying on the floor just outside the coat closet. She could hear a low murmur of voices in the library up stairs. Gilbert must have closed the door, for no odor of cigar smoke came down to her. She stooped to pick up the crumpled card and toss it into the waste paper basket, when penciled writing on it caught her eye.

"It is something Gilbert has dropped from his overcoat pocket in taking out his gloves," she thought.

She smoothed out the bit of pasteboard, and read these words: "Sorry to miss you. Will be busy the rest of the day, but will call on you at your house tonight."

Louise quickly turned the card, and saw the name—

EUGENE ILLFORD.

She was not prepared for this. She put out her hand as if to clutch the empty air for support, and then sank weakly into the little cushioned recess that made a cozy seat by the fireplace. In swift panorama all her husband's strange actions of the evening marshaled themselves before her mental vision. Each one pointed to the same conclusion: he did not wish her to see this man, the man to meet whom he had told her he had gone to Albany last fall.

And that woman, that actress, was coming to Islington. Louise recalled noticing the posters of the play around the streets that very afternoon. This man Illford doubtless knew just what Gilbert had done on that trip to Albany. Merciful heavens, must that fearful chapter in her wifehood be lived over again? Had her husband added a new series of hypocrisies to his yet deeper crime, and were all the tokens of affection he had lavished upon her since that memorable November night but so many blinds to cover up his perfidy?

The first sharp pang passed, Louise began to shape her course of action. She could do this with more coolness than on that previous occasion. Then, the horror of the thing was too fresh to permit her to think, to plan, with any degree of coolness. Now, although her heart was bleeding, she compelled her head to assume control.

Retaining the card, she went up to her own room, and sat there, with her wraps on, till she heard her husband's visitor depart. Then she came out and met Gilbert on the stairs. "Is it too late to go to the Nevilles' now, my dear?" she asked.

She noted that Gilbert was nervous; she could detect that he was watching her, seeking to try to inform himself whether any suspicion had been awakened in her mind.

"Yes, I am afraid it is too late, my love," he answered her, looking at his watch. "That bore of a Brooks would stay on. He is always making his appearance at the wrong times, and never going at the right ones."

Louise's heart had given a quick bound when Gilbert mentioned his friend as Brooks. Perhaps she was mistaken after all, and that card of Illford's had no connection with the man who had just left. But she would keep it and find out, if she had to go down to the office and question the clerks as to the appearance of the man who had left it.

"I thought it a little odd you didn't introduce him, Gilbert," was all she said now. "You must have heard me talking to him as you came down stairs."

"He is not the man I would want my wife to know, Louise," was Dean's reply. She was looking steadily at him, and noted the telltale flush that dyed his cheeks.

Before they retired that night, Gilbert announced that he must breakfast early and drive on business to Raymond Falls.

"Perhaps I will show him that card tonight," Louise said to herself the next morning, as she stood on the piazza for a moment after she had bidden him good by.

At this instant a figure turned in at the gateway, and Louise beheld the caller of the night previous advancing up the drive. Her heart began to beat faster as she realized the opportunity for undisturbed investigation that was now presented to her. She moved toward the steps to meet this early morning visitor.

He raised his hat as he came up. "Is Mr. Dean at home?" he asked.

"No," answered Louise. "My husband has just started on a drive to Raymond Falls."

"I am sorry to miss him. I thought I would catch him before he went to his office."

"You can find him there later in the day. He will be back by ten."

"But I leave town on the eight thirty train. I am Mr. Illford."

"Oh!" The exclamation uttered by Louise was almost a gasp.

"I wished to see Mr. Dean for a few minutes about a matter I forgot to speak of last night."

Louise was greatly excited, but she ex-

erted all her self control and remained outwardly calm. "Won't you walk up and take a seat, Mr. Illford?" she said. "It is not yet time for your train."

"Thank you;" and he followed her to a shaded corner of the piazza.

"Perhaps you would like to leave a message with me," she added, as they seated themselves. "I have often heard my husband speak of you, Mr. Illford."

"Yes?"

"It was you he went to meet in Albany last November, I believe—one of the very few trips he has ever taken without me."

"Meet me in Albany?" exclaimed Illford, in perplexity.

"Why, yes; don't you remember the occasion? It had something to do with a bill of yours before the Legislature."

"A bill of mine before the Legislature?" Illford repeated, still puzzled.

"Perhaps it wasn't called a bill, then." Louise forced a little laugh. "You know we women are always stupid where anything connected with politics is concerned, except when we are strong minded. At any rate, you and he were there together, on some affair of importance."

"But really you mystify me, Mrs. Dean. I have never had anything to do with legislative business, and I have not been to Albany in two years. You must be confusing me with some other friend of your husband."

"Possibly I am." Louise wondered how she possessed the strength to frame the words. The world appeared to be reeling away from her. Her worst suspicions were confirmed. Gilbert had lied to her. But she must not give way now. "You said something about a message," she went on, oblivious of the fact that it was she herself who had spoken of this. "Won't you leave it with me? That is, if it is not of too abrupt a business character."

Illford thought he had never seen a sadder smile on a human face. He recalled this fact vividly afterwards.

"Oh, I need not trouble you with one, Mrs. Dean," he replied. "I can write after I reach home. And now I must be going, or I shall miss my train. Good morning. Say to Mr. Dean that I am very sorry I missed him."

Louise rose as her caller passed her on his way to the steps. She placed one hand firmly against a pillar of the porch, and leaned heavily against it.

"Good morning, Mr. Illford," she forced herself to say. "I will tell my husband you were here." Then, as her caller's back was

turned, she set her lips tightly together, and a firm resolve entered her soul.

## X.

It was late in the afternoon of the same day. The Dean carriage stood before the gate, and, card case in hand, Louise came forth and entered it. "Drive down to the Tremley House, David," she said to the coachman.

The faithful old Scotchman was rather surprised at this order. His mistress was not in the habit of calling at this hotel, the principal one in the town though it was. He was more amazed than ever, however, when, after a brief halt at the Tremley, Mrs. Dean returned to the carriage with the order, "Drive around to the Forest King."

This was the other hotel in the town, of not quite such high standing as the Tremley, much frequented by commercial travelers and the few theatrical companies that took in Islington on their routes.

"The missus must be on a quare charity errand this day, and no mistake," David soliloquized, as he drew up before the ladies' entrance to the rather dingy hostelry with the pretentious name.

There was no attendant at the side door, and Louise was obliged to wait until the clerk in the office caught a glimpse of her, and sent a shambling bell boy to learn her wishes.

"Is Miss Myrwin stopping here?"

"Do you mean the actress lady?" asked the bell boy.

"Yes," said Louise. "Will you take up this card to her?"

The boy took the card and went off with it. Louise found the door of the reception room, and sank down on the sofa. But her lips were firmly set still; she had made up her mind to accomplish a certain purpose, and was determined not to flinch because it might be disagreeable to carry out. "If she is not in I will come again," she told herself.

But Estelle was in. The boy came back in the course of a few minutes with word that the caller was to walk up to the parlor on the next floor. Louise wondered, as she took her way thither, whether the boy would tell the clerk who she was, and thus start bar room comment on the strangeness of her visit.

Estelle appeared in the doorway of the dingy drawing room, a few minutes after she herself had arrived there. "Why, Mrs. Dean," she exclaimed, "how good of you to come!"



It was with an effort that Louise took the hand held out to her. It lay as a piece of ice in her own hand, but the actress' cheeks were flaming.

"I wanted to know how you were," Louise replied. "I shall not soon forget the day we passed together in that Nebraska farmer's home."

"When you were so very, very kind to me," Estelle dropped her eyes from her caller's persistent gaze as she murmured the words.

"Have you entirely recovered from the shock of the accident?" Louise went on, asking herself if the interview could possibly be inflicting as much torture on this other woman as it was on herself.

"Oh, yes, indeed; long, long ago. You were such a capital nurse, Mrs. Dean. I wish that I might repay you in some way for what you did for me, an utter stranger."

"I could not have done less, Miss Osgood," Estelle instinctively shrank away a little at the coldness of this response. "You were within a few hours of us in the fall, I believe," Louise continued after an instant.

"We played one night in Albany," Estelle answered in a very low tone.

"Yes, Mr. Dean was in Albany that same night." There was something in Louise's voice that sent a chill to Estelle's soul. How much did Gilbert's wife know, she asked herself? A deadly terror took possession of her. She had foreboded ill when she learned who had called. Now she felt that the supreme moment had come. The eyes of this woman were fixed on her face as though they would read her through and through.

"Did you not see him?" Estelle heard this question as in a dream. How should she answer? She recalled Gilbert's reassuring letter; that it was all right about that telegram; that she need not worry.

"Yes," she admitted waveringly.

"You are franker than my husband," rejoined Louise, in a voice of steel. "He did not mention the fact to me."

The agony that was now depicted on Estelle's face would have been pitiful to a less merciless observer. She knew not what to say; it seemed to her as if the end of all things had come.

"Perhaps, then, you can tell me——" Louise started to continue, when the bell boy entered the room.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss Myrwin," he said, and he handed Estelle a card.

Louise was white. She knew intuitively that it was her husband's card, and now, as

Estelle took it from the salver, she was sure of it, from its peculiar shape.

An expression of consternation came into the eyes of the actress. "Tell him," she stammered, and then paused, her confusion overwhelming her. "Tell him," she began again—"tell him I cannot see him."

"Tell him she *will* see him," interposed Louise, in commanding tones.

The earnestness of her words compelled the boy to obey. Estelle raised her hand in protest, and called hysterically after him; but once safely out of the room he had no thought of returning.

"The presence of his wife should not deprive Mr. Dean of the pleasure of seeing you," said Louise, in contemptuous irony. Her words cut deep, but Estelle made no reply. She was dazed. What would another minute bring forth?

For six months Dean had not seen the woman who filled his heart to the exclusion of all others. He burst into the room with eager joy. He had almost reached Estelle, his hands outstretched, when he stopped, stunned—there was his wife!

It was an awful moment. He staggered back, as one thrust through by a dagger. His brain reeled; his wife's eyes burned into his very soul. He tried to speak. Louise raised her hand.

"An unexpected pleasure for you, Mr. Dean, no doubt," she said, with biting sarcasm. "You could hardly have anticipated finding your wife with this woman."

Estelle sprang to her feet with flashing eyes. "You have no right, madam, to refer to me in such words."

"I have the right to say what I choose to this man; I was not addressing you."

Louise had the stronger nature. Estelle felt this—realized the feebleness of her protest. Louise went on.

"I have trapped you at last," she said, turning again to her husband; "trapped you in her very presence. Your infamy is plain to me now. I have seen Illford, and know all. He was not in Albany last November. You did not go there to meet him, as you told me, but to be with this woman—your companion in shame."

Dean took a quick step forward. The honor of her he loved had been assailed. It mattered not that the assailant was his wife. "You must retract those words," he cried hotly. "I will not permit you to imply aught against Miss Osgood."

Louise answered with a bitter sneer.

"I take my oath that she is as pure as yourself," Dean went on, now thoroughly aroused.



"Your oath, Gilbert Dean," exclaimed Louise, with ineffable scorn. "The oath of a man who can perjure himself as you have done!" Her voice was raised; her face was white with righteous wrath. "I have done with you forever," she cried. "You will have to cover up your infidelity with no more falsehoods. She can have you, miserable woman!" And Louise started to leave the room.

Dean sprang forward and caught her by the wrist. "You shall not go like this," he commanded. "You must believe me; I have told you the truth. You are mad, Louise. For God's sake stop and think what you have said; what your words mean."

"Coward!" she muttered, and, wrenching herself from his grasp, fled from the room and out past the listeners who had gathered in the hall.

# XI.

SEVEN o'clock the next morning. The waitress at the Deans' has just entered the dining room to throw open the shutters and make ready for breakfast. She has let in the cheerful sunlight from three of the windows. In starting toward the fourth, she sees something at her feet, almost trips over it, in fact. It is the prostrate figure of a woman—Mrs. Dean. The eyes are staring, looking up at the terrified servant with a glassiness that can mean but one thing.

The girl drops to her knees and places a hand against the white cheek. It is ice cold. She springs up and flies shrieking from the room. The other servants rush forth, but the waitress can tell them only that their mistress is lying dead upon the floor. Then she runs up the stairway, calling out, "Mr. Dean, Mr. Dean," while the coachman goes across the street for the doctor.

But Mr. Dean is not to be found. The room which he usually occupies with his wife is empty; the bed has not been disturbed. In the mean time the physician has arrived.

"It is too late," were his first words. "Poor Mrs. Dean!" he added. "What can this mean?"

A closer examination revealed marks about the throat that suggested a tragedy.

"This must be the explanation," reasoned the doctor; "but who could have committed this horrible crime? Gilbert? Oh, no, no—it can't be, and yet he is missing."

Quickly the news flies from tongue to tongue; quickly it spreads over the town;

quickly it flashes along the wires to the metropolis, and the eyes of the world are turned toward the scene of the tragedy. Islington itself is stirred to fever heat. The wildest rumors gain credence, and every man has a theory of his own. All business is suspended, and the soil is bereft of its tillers.

Dean's unaccountable absence caused immediate suspicion to rest upon him, and yet his friends, one and all, forced the ugly thought from their minds. Gilbert Dean a murderer, the murderer of his wife? Horrible, impossible! But the human mind easily adjusts itself to new conditions, and startling facts are readily absorbed after the first shock. "Why should Mr. Dean have mysteriously disappeared?" every one asked himself. "It looks black," was the inevitable conclusion. "But Gilbert Dean, of all men!" protested his friends. "He was the most popular man in town—rich—generous—sunny."

"There must be some explanation," reasoned the more thoughtful. "We will not damn so good a fellow as Gilbert Dean unheard."

The current of comment had turned somewhat in his favor, when it became noised about that there had been a quarrel late the previous afternoon between him and Mrs. Dean. The facts were greatly exaggerated—grotesquely distorted. In all the gossip the actress figured conspicuously. And the wrath of the town, especially the feminine portion of it, was turned towards her. Meanwhile, fortunately for Estelle, she was well away from Islington, having left on the early morning train with her company. When it became known that she was gone, gossips at once assumed that Dean had gone with her. The bitter feeling against her lessened, in a measure, the suspicion that rested on him, and many went so far as to charge her with the crime. It was established, however, at the inquest that her whereabouts could be satisfactorily accounted for during the entire time of her stay in Islington.

This bit of evidence was disappointing, and many were the narrow minds that persisted even now that she had committed the murder.

"There are witches," suggested one old woman.

"I'm sure there must be," assented her listener, with a little shudder. "If there wasn't, how could there be so many mysteries?"

"And dark ones."

"Yes, and murders even."

"Oh, think of it, and this woman was an actress."

"Those actresses are just imps of the devil, that's what I think."

"Of course they are; just imps."

And thus primed, the two women separated, and each repeated the other's words to eager ears. Thus began a conception of Estelle that grew in hideousness until she was little else than a fiend incarnate in the eyes of Islington.

John Upton, the neighbor of somewhat uncertain habits, testified that he came home the night previous well on towards midnight; that just before reaching his own gate he saw Gilbert Dean on the opposite side of the street; that he was walking rapidly, and apparently had just left home.

"I called to him," said Upton, "but he didn't answer me, and he was soon beyond hearing."

There was some doubt in the minds of many about the reliability of testimony from such a source; yet, supported by that of the next witness, it made a marked impression. This witness stated that he was at the railway station at midnight; that just as the east bound train was pulling out, Gilbert Dean ran up and swung himself on the last car; that he (the witness) spoke to him as he passed, but that Dean made no response, and hurried into the car.

The witness added that he recalled now that Dean seemed a good deal agitated—a habit witnesses not infrequently have when their imagination has been quickened by the finger of suspicion.

The testimony of the last two men began to weave the noose around Dean's neck. The friends who had stood out most stoutly for him were compelled to waver. And their faith in him was still further shaken by the receipt of a telegram from the conductor of the train on which Dean left town. It stated that he had no ticket; that he paid his fare to Albany, and that he left the train at Schenectady.

There was breathless silence during the reading of this telegram, and then the

people looked at one another, and pain was on their faces. "Poor Dean," they seemed to say as with one voice, and then they asked themselves what could have brought him to this—Dean, the most tender hearted man they knew.

Immediately upon receipt of the telegram from the conductor, the sheriff wired a description of Dean to Schenectady, requesting his arrest on a charge of murder.

It was three o'clock in the morning when Dean reached Schenectady. He went to a hotel near the station. He was exhausted mentally and physically alike. The strain of the last ten hours had aged him years. He walked up to his room with the step of an old man, and yet the sun had cast its cheerful glow upon the world before slumber sealed his eyes.

He slept on and on, outraged nature holding him in her recuperative grasp. At length he was awakened by a rude knocking at his door. He raised himself on his elbow and looked wildly about him. The room was strange to his eyes. Where was he, and why was he there?

Then memory served him. It all came back to him: the hideous thing he had become, the misery he had caused, the—oh, it was horrible. He covered his eyes with his hands as though thus he could shut out the mental vision.

There came a blow at the door that threatened to wrench it from its fastenings, and Dean answered. In another minute he was confronted by a burly officer with blue coat and brass buttons.

Dean's heart stood still. "You probably know why I am here," said the policeman gruffly.

Dean gasped. His nerves had been shaken to their very foundation.

"What—what do you want of me?" he stammered in confused reply. "What is the charge against me?"

"Murder!"

"Murder?" exclaimed Dean. "Murder? Is she dead?" and he fell back senseless upon the bed.

(To be continued.)



## TWO LETTERS.

By Margaret Kenna.

MY DEAR MRS. DEVON:

This letter goes to you tonight with a box of white La France roses—Christmas roses. You will not refuse them a welcome. They are only faintly typical of the reverence which I feel for you, only faintly suggestive of the perfume which your life has thrown into mine. In the presence of these white flowers—in your presence—I tremble as I allude to the last Christmas german. You will forgive me the exquisite recollection of that waltz, when I tell you that since then my hair has turned almost white. You were very young, and you

had come all the way from New York. I did not guess that you were married.

I am a worldly young fellow, but I think, as I sit writing, that in the other world, where human souls are unveiled, you will not blush to have inspired, in one short moment, the worship of even a worldly young fellow's heart. The young fellow himself feels that he entertained an angel that night.

Wishing you a happy Christmas,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN MARSTON.

University Club, Washington,

December 24, '94.

MY DEAR MR. MARSTON:

The roses came on Christmas morning. Ethel—my wife—died the night before. When I read your letter, I laid the roses in her hands.

I am a worldly young fellow, too. Perhaps I had grown used to the precious things of life. You have made me feel that I was entertaining *my* angel unawares.

"When my mother died," said a young French priest to me last night, "I no longer felt that the big Atlantic rolled between her soul and mine." In the world where human souls are unveiled, Ethel sees now with clear eyes. It may be—I write tremulously—forgive

my tears—it may be that she knows, there, that you loved her best; but there is some solace in the thought that perhaps she knows, too, that if we could have changed places, my feelings might have been like yours.

I cannot put a finger upon my regrets. I never knowingly hurt her; but as your letter lies before me, now that she is dead, it comes to me with bitter pain that I did not always worship her on my knees. Her death leaves me quite alone—bereft. When you are in New York, you can find me at the Manhattan Club.

JACK DEVON.

December 31, '94.



## SO RUNS THE WORLD.

By Frank Chaffee.

WE have all read with pleasure that very artistic tale, "The Romance of a Poor Young Man." Poverty in a story is very picturesque; poverty in real life—ah, well! one must experience it to know what it really is.

I write this as the first realizing sense comes upon me of what it means to be poor. It is now three months since I lost my position. I had lived up to the last penny of my salary—lived luxuriously, in fact. My rooms were as smart and as artistic as any in town. I was very much in the cultivated bohemian set, and one might always meet at my apartment, not the greatest, perhaps, but those on the road to greatness in the field of art and letters. I was known to dabble in literary work myself, and my small achievements, having some glitter about them, were much overrated by every one except the editors to whom I tried to sell them, generally without success.

I look back on all this as I write, and do not regret it. It was an education, this meeting and being surrounded by witty, brainy people; and as for the money—ye gods! What is money for, if not to buy us the things we want? The prudent ones will say my course was foolish and improvident; those wiser ones, wise with the wisdom of simplicity, will say I did well; in any case it is in the past.

The firm by which I had been employed went out of business, and I found myself stranded. A man of thirty, who has held his head high, may not go out and look for a position, like an office boy. He may let it be known that he is available, and then wait to be sought. I waited—times were hard, and few firms were looking for experienced men, or willing to pay such a salary as I could accept.

I have managed to keep my rooms by selling some valuable scarf pins and

other jewelry I owned. My friends generally suppose me to have an income, or at least to be making a good deal with my pen; and since I do not visibly curtail my expenses, it is a reasonable supposition. My economies have been in the things which people have not seen. I have risen late, made coffee in my rooms, and with it I have taken a roll or a biscuit or two. Having breakfasted so late and so plentifully, I naturally take no luncheon. At night I urge my bohemian tastes as an excuse for dining at the cheapest of the table d'hôte resorts.

The stipend that I do obtain from some paltry newspaper work serves to pay these expenses. Occasionally I have been fortunate enough to sell a story or sketch, and then I have allowed myself to be seen at breakfast in a fashionable restaurant, and have asked some clever person who gossips much, and will advertise the fact, to dine with me at one of my bohemian resorts.

I am frequently asked to dinner by my men friends, but of course that does not reduce my expenses, since an unwritten law makes it necessary for me to return the compliment as soon as possible. After three months of this, I still keep my spirits, outwardly; still am able to say laughingly, when questioned:

"Oh, I don't know whether I shall go back to a commercial life or not; Bohemia is very fascinating."

Three months! It is becoming a strain, physical and mental. How can I keep my rooms? I have no more jewelry to sell. I fear to sell anything else, lest it should be noticed—and my position is almost entirely dependent upon my rooms.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have sold an old etching for enough to pay my rent for another month. One of my newspaper outlets was closed to-

day. The editor, who is a good friend of mine, said, "To tell you the truth, old chap, I have given your column to a poor devil who really needs the money."

I went away and called at another newspaper office. I boldly told the editor I wanted a position. He laughed as he said:

"Oh, your pen is too clever for hack work—you would better stick to special articles."

"Can you use some specials?" I asked.

"Well, not just at present," he replied, "but do us something in your fresh, breezy style and we will use it as soon as we can."

I have tried to write tonight, tried to be fresh and breezy. One might as well try to fly with a mill stone tied to one's neck. Who was it said a man could do his best literary work with the wolf howling at the door? Whoever it was, I'll wager he had dined well when he said it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hurrah! I have received a check for a story I sold months ago. I had quite forgotten it. To be sure, it is only a small amount. A few months ago I should have spent it for a box of cigars, and have thought no more about it; now I must stretch it to the utmost, but at least I will ask Carlos to dine with me once. Good, true hearted Carlos! He wonders why he sees so little of me nowadays. I tell him I am writing, that I am doing some serious work. Carlos, old chap, did you but know the truth, did you but know that your friend whose lighter vein so entertains you is sometimes hungry, how your heart would ache, and how you would open your purse and insist upon sharing your plenty!

Why is it that I may not take the money I so much need from Carlos, who has plenty, and who loves me better than any brother? A man may not take money that he does not earn. I would like to take money from Carlos, and yet there is something within me that will not let me.

\* \* \* \* \*

I took Carlos to dinner last night. We had a nice little dinner and a bottle of wine. It made a sad hole in my little capital, but Carlos was so happy, and said it seemed so like old times; and then we came up to my rooms, and smoked and chatted. Carlos smoked his college pipe, a great meerschaum, which he had spent his four college years in coloring. When he got up to go home, he looked at the pipe tenderly, and turning to me, said:

"Old chap, I want to give you this pipe. I know you like it, and I want you to have it."

Dear old Carlos, he loves that pipe better than anything he owns; and so he gives it to me, whom he loves even better. Ah me! and even to him I may not tell the truth about myself. I must arrange that Carlos shall one day have his pipe back again, and if things do not shape themselves soon in a better way for me I shall—well, I don't know what I shall do.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tonight I am dazed. I have today been searching for a position, for something to do, for anything by which a gentleman may earn his bread. I have urged my ability, have offered to do anything that a gentleman may. I have called on every one of influence in the commercial and literary world. They decline to see that I *need* what I ask for; I cannot impress them with my seriousness. Great heavens! Is it only the creatures who wear their hearts on their sleeves, and who shed tears in public, that can be taken seriously? Is sympathy given only to noisy anguish? Is a helping hand held out only to him who whimpers about his troubles and whines for help?

\* \* \* \* \*

I find I can give up sugar and cream with my coffee in the morning. It saves quite a little, and as the coffee is less palatable, one does not drink so much, so that also is a saving. I take my dinner in my rooms now. There is rather a sameness in each day's bill of fare, but I dare say it is healthful; and after all, one should eat to



live, not live to eat. I wonder how long a man can live on such fare?

\* \* \* \* \*

I am getting deplorably thin. I fancy it is having so much uncertainty on my mind. My clothes are really absurd, they hang so loosely upon me. Carlos came back from a yachting trip today, looking brown as a berry. He looked at me a minute, and then said:

"Jove, old man, you've grown thin. I suppose you are working like a slave, and I dare say you've ruined your appetite. I don't believe you eat enough."

Good Carlos, I could not tell him how right he was, nor why.

"Look here, old chap, come away and dine with me. I'll bet I'll order a dinner you can eat," said Carlos.

A man who has not the price of a dinner for himself may not accept a dinner from his friend, so I could only say:

"Thank you, no, Carlos. I have some work to do. I'll get a bite later;" and Carlos was hurt and left me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Being very poor is harder than I thought, and I am getting so desperately weak that I seem to be losing my grip—but I don't think any one guesses how poor I am. My stock of clothes holds out well, and I think they will last as long as I—that is, as long as usual. I seem to be drifting toward something, I don't know what.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another month has gone, and my rent is far overdue. The landlord is very considerate, and has given me ten days' grace. I have given up trying to find a position. I do not seem to have any spirit left. I was severely criticised to-day at the one newspaper office where I still have a little work—they say my work has lost its snap and brilliancy. I could not tell them that a hungry man could not be brilliant, and I promised to get back to the old vein.

\* \* \* \* \*

I wonder what men do who are as poor as I, and have others dependent upon them. Thank God, I have no one, no

one to whom I am everything. If anything should happen to me, a lot of people would be mildly sorry for a few days, and say:

"Clever chap, but lacked force." "Brilliant perhaps, but oh, so ill balanced!" Then they would forget me. Carlos? Well, Carlos would care, yes, and grieve truly for the friend that he loved, without ever understanding.

\* \* \* \* \*

My ten days' grace with the rent is up. I must give up my rooms, but I will give them up in my own way. I have been reading, in something of Kipling's, how the chaps in India speak of dying as "going out." I think I will "go out."

I don't like the idea of suicide. I remember at gay gatherings I have talked cleverly about the folly of suicide. I have always held it cowardly and weak. I have said that a man who took his own life was a fool—well, I was right, he is a fool, therefore he should die.

I wonder if I have strength enough to carry me to the river—the river that will be kind to me and tell no tales. I must destroy this journal first, or all my efforts to keep my secret will be lost, and they will know I have been hungry.

I don't understand this peculiar faintness that comes over me now and then—it must be because I have not eaten anything today. Ah, well, many better men have fared worse.

"Going out." I like that phrase, and yet going out into what? Going out into what? Going where? Oh, I do not know; I will *not* go out, into an unknown country. Better bear the ills we have than fly to those—

\* \* \* \* \*

The papers of the next morning contained the following notice:

Suddenly, of heart failure, John Carlisle, aged thirty years. Interment at Fairfield.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Carlisle, whose death occurred yesterday, will be much missed in literary and artistic circles, where he was a great favorite. He has been a contributor to most of our periodicals, and wielded a brilliant pen. Mr. Carlisle was a man of wealth and good social position. He has been in failing health for some time.

It was Carlos who came in late that night to find his friend lying with the pen still in his fingers, pointing toward the unfinished sentence. No one but

Carlos has ever seen that journal, and it is Carlos now who writes it here, that those who run may read, and learn the lesson.



### THE SPINNING DERVISH.

He wears a turban round his head,  
And on his feet are pointed shoes,  
While from his waist a skirt outspread,  
Such as the tawny Arabs use,  
Describes a circle from his hips  
And rustles like a lady's fan;  
His teeth gleam whitely 'twixt his lips—  
The silent Oriental man.

Then slow he turns from left to right  
His arm outstretched, long, lean, and browned  
By suns that on Sahara smite;  
And round and round and round and round  
He moves, in circles slow unfurled  
From where his journey first began,  
Like dust upon the desert whirled,  
The silent Oriental man.

Round, round, and round, my eyes grow dim;  
His whirling figure seems to change;  
The very earth goes round with him—  
Forsooth! but this is passing strange;  
A broken glimpse of twisting heels  
And ornaments of beaten brass  
I catch, as round the dervish reels  
While one by one the minutes pass.

So are we all from God's right hand  
Sent spinning into boundless space;  
And when upright we cannot stand  
Death comes, and thus we lose our place;  
Spin, spin, ye mortals, I can smile,  
Remembering this primeval plan,  
Watching with steady gaze meanwhile  
The silent Oriental man.

*Ernest McGaffey.*

## MELBA AT HOME.

*The personality and home life of the famous Australian prima donna—Her Parisian apartment, its elaborate adornments, and her interesting collection of souvenirs.*

By Fannie Edgar Thomas.

MELBA is at home only about seven weeks in the year, but she keeps her elegant apartment in Paris the year round, and finds no headquarters on earth equal to No. 9, Rue de Prony. There it is her delight to rest, to look over her beautiful new dresses (and those more association laden, but not so fresh), to visit with her boy—her big, bouncing boy of eleven, who comes from London with his tutor—and to study up her points of triumph for the coming season.

The house is about midway between the old church of the Madeleine and the house of Sarah Bernhardt, not far from Marchesi, and a few doors from Artôt Padilla. The street on which it faces—the Rue de Prony—leads directly to the residence of the Gounod family.

When Melba was at home last, before the present trip to America, the score of "Manon," by Massenet, generally stood open on the piano rack, when it was not borne up and down the room in the small and very beautiful hands of its mistress. She has a habit of memorizing the words of her rôles while pacing the floor after the fashion of Ada Rehan as the untamed *Katharine*. The music of "l'Etoile du Nord" might be found lying close by, for these are the two operas in which Melba is to sing at the Opéra Comique in the spring of '95, after her winter engagement in New York.

It is interesting to try to conjecture a woman's appearance from the dominating colors of her room. No one would ever expect a brunette mistress to enter amongst the blue laden glintings of Sibyl Sanderson's boudoir. Mrs. Lang-

try loves Nile green; Patti, rose; Calvé, red; Mrs. Potter, violet. Persian hues set off Lilli Lehmann; old gold, Sarah Bernhardt. Mary Anderson is one of the most liberated of her sex in regard to color, being bound rather by the form of her surroundings, and loving a pillar better than either mauve or violet.

Old rose and olive bathe the suite of apartments where the brunette Australian prima donna "rests." These two tints predominate in carpet, curtain, drapery, cushions, frame, and tassel. Where the gracious gleams are not, they seem to be from association, so tastefully arranged are the pieces, for household decoration is one of Melba's fads. She herself has chosen everything except the souvenirs, which are not few. She spent weeks in putting together her picturesque domestic equipment, and you may be sure that not an item of it is there simply because of its cost. Neither are there any makeshifts. Melba is one of those *rare aves* in professional life, who are born rich, enter their career rich, and remain rich. Her tastes are elegant, her surroundings solid.

The style of her apartment is wholly Marie Antoinette and Josephine. Gilt frames, Directoire upholstery, bandy legged tables, inlaid cabinets, buffets, beds, divans, mantel ornaments—all are modeled after the taste of the times of the folly queen who mislaid her destiny, and of the Man of Empire, who created his. A taste that is foreign to France is shown in the presence of complete carpets all over the house, and the absence of the customary waxed polish that makes most French floors like skating rinks. The carpet is like one of

those dove breasted sundowns that we know in America. Nothing could be more soothing to taste, sight, and feeling. To live on a carpet like Melba's is an education in itself. The piano cover is a match for it—a literal "field of cloth of gold," heavily embroidered in her favorite colors; so is the drapery on a long easel in the corner, which forms the background of the most interesting object in the room, when the mistress is out of it—a gorgeously tinted three quarter portrait of herself in *Juliet's* robes. In another room is a head in the same warm coloring, representing her as *Marguerite*, and a marble bust shrined in olive satin. Three exquisitely colored miniatures represent the singer with her little boy, who is the image of herself, in her arms.

Her writing table is one whose bandiness of leg shows its blueness of blood. Little mirrors are inlaid in its woodwork, and every article upon it is tortoise shell. The portfolio bears the silver monogram of "Melba" across its polished surface. The paper case is a little pagoda. Almanac, clock, inkstand, paper cutter, tiny wax candle holder, match box, pen trays, all are solid, brown, and glossy. The dainty little penholder—a soft black ball with gilt trimming—is the only stranger. Even the waste paper basket has a broad band of old rose ribbon around its fantastic body. The paper is the faintest tint of mauve, heavy with delicate gilt monogram in blue, with crest and device—"Invictus maneo."

Two firelight pictures, one a Spanish beauty, the other a grape picture, are the ornaments of a "cozery." Here is a huge divan laden with silken pillows. Everywhere are curios and souvenirs—medals, clocks, watches, spoons, bon-bon boxes, vinaigrettes, rich with silver and gold, emeralds and diamonds. Melba smiles at the idea of danger in having such quantities of small valuables scattered about as if they were shears, thimbles, and pin cushions. She laughs at hearing that Patti keeps all her memory treasures in glass cabinets, where they can give pleasure without offering temptation.

She even tells how her friend Lassalle, the baritone, who is very rich and a connoisseur, has had three hundred thousand francs' worth of beautiful things stolen from his charming home at Passy. On going to the seashore this summer, he looked in vain for a camera he wanted, and search for it discovered the loss of many other treasures, which he had never missed. In locking up her house for the season Melba makes out an inventory, and packs the things away; that is all.

Her sleeping room is as charming a bower as her salons. The bed is a genuine Marie Antoinette, on which the queen has actually slept. It stands on a little raised dais. The cover is heavily embroidered. The dressing table is like that of any dainty lady. Pictures, flowers, and portraits of friends are scattered about. Her boy's room, across the hall, is all white and yellow, with books and pictures to suit his taste.

Two of Melba's latest photographs are engraved herewith. It may be added that her eyelashes and hair are very black, her lips full and mobile, her complexion, though not of the thin variety, clear and well cared for, her neck white and full, her hands and feet very small and well shaped. She is tall and very agreeably proportioned. In a rose pink peignoir with lace trimmings, Melba makes a picture as charming as the one on the easel, which is saying much.

She has been singing but six years. Her maiden name was Mitchell, her father being a Scotchman, her mother of Spanish descent. From the latter she inherited her musical gift; and as a girl she was one of the best pianists in Melbourne, her native city. At seventeen she married sorrow and the name of Armstrong. To drown grief she followed the instinct that led her to a public career. Her people, as is usually the case, were strongly opposed to the step, although now accepting it with the success it has brought.

She has three brothers and three sisters, all clever. One of the boys is going to be a remarkable singer. When her father was appointed a commissioner to one of the London exhibi-



Madame Melba.  
*From a photograph by Walery, London.*





Madame Melba and her Son.  
 From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

tions, he brought the family with him to Europe, and Melba immediately commenced serious study with Marchesi, whom she never left for any other teacher, and by whom she swears.

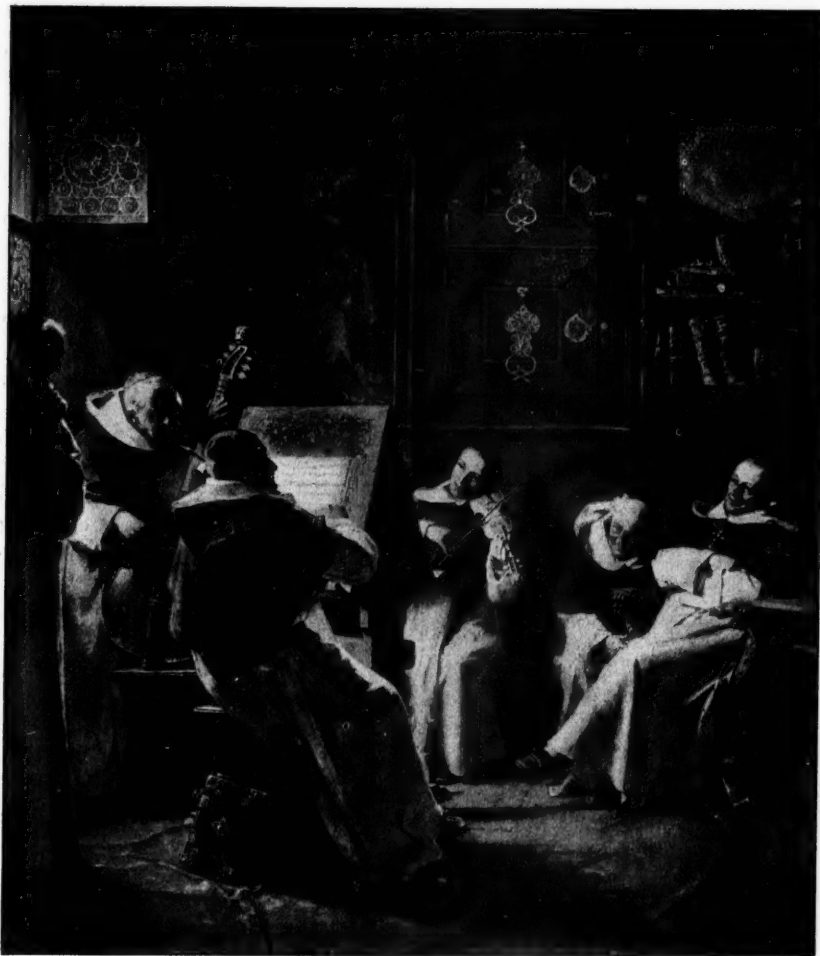
"More success is lost for want of common sense, than for lack of talent," she wisely says. "One who seeks a public career, especially a stage career, must have common sense and character, or no matter how much voice she may have she cannot make progress; not speaking morally, but practically."

To learn an opera Melba first engages an accompanist, who is a good coach, and with him sings softly through the music till the airs and cues are learned. The words she learns in bed, at lunch,

driving, pacing the floor. She has a good, certain memory. For her first repertory she learned ten operas in ten months. In America last season she mastered "Tannhäuser" in five days, but that meant days and nights. She has no favorite rôle, but becomes imbued with each in turn.

The most expensive stage dress she ever had made was for "Tannhäuser." It was cloth of gold, heavily embroidered, and cost twelve thousand francs. Originally it had a train as long as a large room; but this she was obliged to have cut, the weight was so fatiguing.

Her triumphant career as a prima donna, since her début in Brussels in 1888, is known to all lovers of music.



"A Trio in the Monastery."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by E. Grützner.

## EDUARD GRÜTZNER.

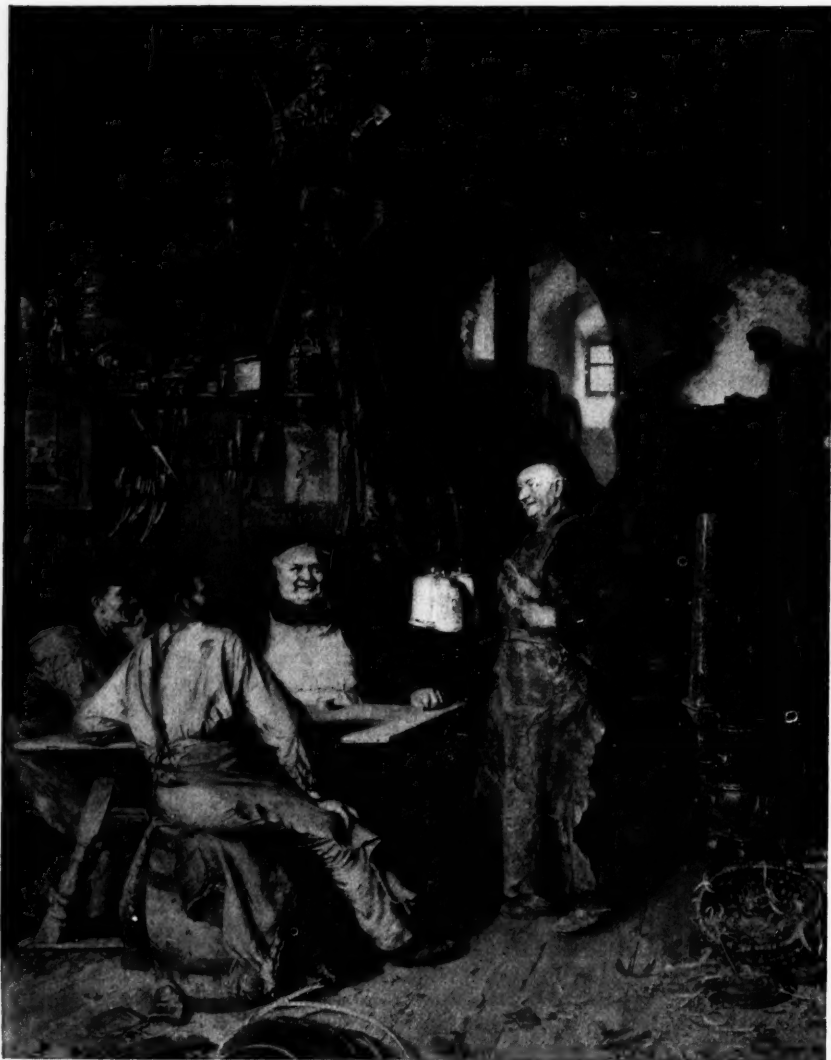
*The famous Munich painter, and his skill in character depiction—His German peasants, his "Falstaffs," and his clever studies of the humorous side of monastic life.*

By C. Stuart Johnson.

THE familiar proverb which declares that only a step separates the sublime and the ridiculous is suggested by a glance at the varied gallery of pictures for which latter day painters have found subjects in monastic life. Side by side with religious fervor, with pathos and dignity, we find, as motives for these

studies on canvas, the keen satire of a Vibert and the cheery, jovial humor of a Grützner.

A chapter on the contrasting characters of their nationalities might be drawn from the paintings of these two artists. Vibert has the Parisian grace and *esprit*, the lightness of touch, the

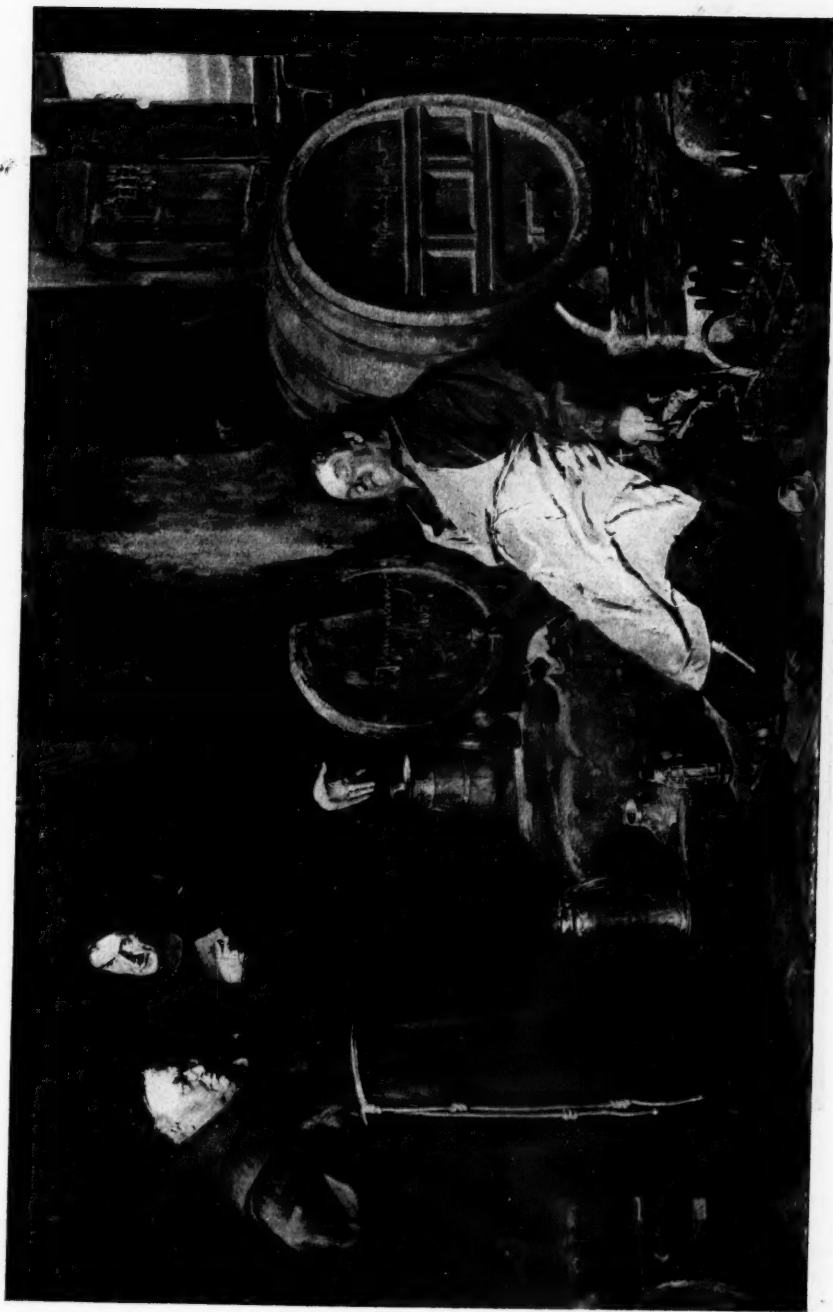


"The Monastery Workshop."

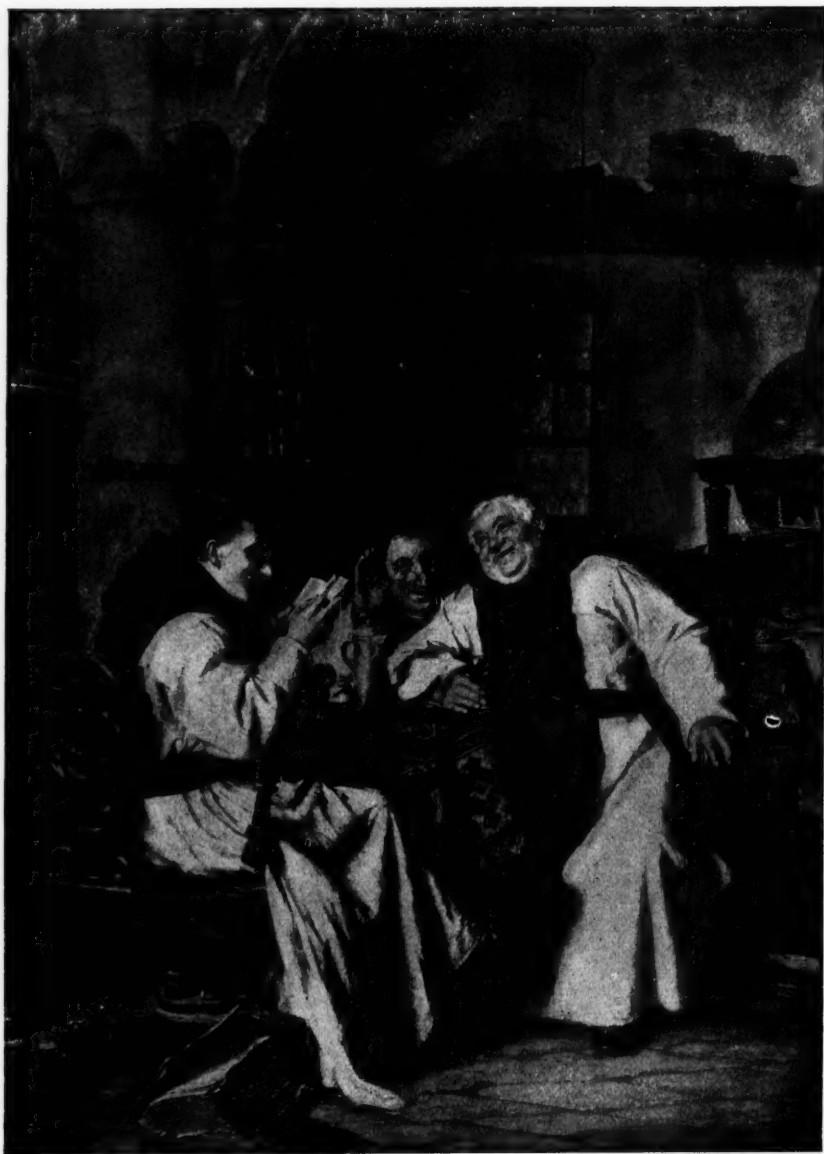
*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by E. Grützner*

daintiness, the completeness of finish, the sharp edged sarcasm; Grützner the solid Teutonic strength, the broad strokes of rollicking humor—a humor that may sometimes verge upon coarseness but which has never a touch of venom. The Munich painter is always good natured; his rotund friars have an irresistible air of jollity that disarms criticism and makes umbrage impossible.

It was not with his monastic pictures, but with Shaksperian illustrations, that Grützner first made his reputation. This was early in his career, while he was still little more than a student at the Munich Academy. His rise was extraordinarily rapid. His father was a Silesian peasant, and his occupation, as a boy, was farm labor of the humblest kind. The Catholic priest of his village, Gross Carlowitz, was clever enough to



"The Detected Culprit."  
*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by E. Grützner.*



"An Amusing Tale."

*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by E. Grützner.*

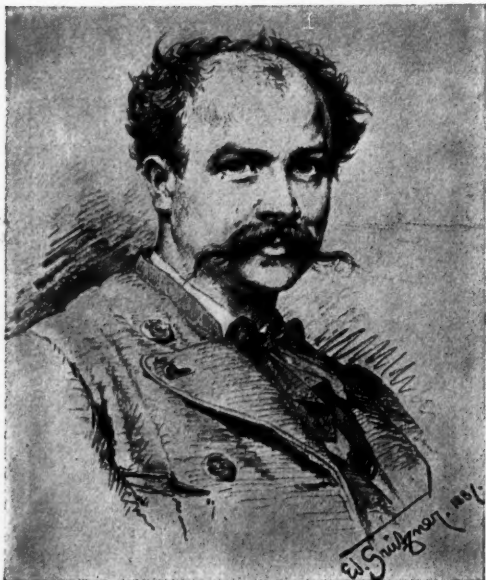
discern the lad's promise of talent, and generous enough to send him to a high school, with the design of training him for the church. In 1864, when he was eighteen, another patron, an architect who had seen some of the lad's drawings, gave him the means of going to Munich and studying art.

There, with the famous teacher Piloty as his instructor, young Grützner speedily gained high technical skill and developed his original and individual style of work. In 1872 he won a gold medal at Berlin. For many years he has been a professor at the Munich Academy, and his reputation stands





"The Huntsman's Story."  
Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by E. Gröner.



Eduard Grützner.

*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from a drawing by the artist.*

very high in Germany—and beyond it, though very few of his works—not more

than one or two, so far as the writer is aware—are owned on this side of the Atlantic.

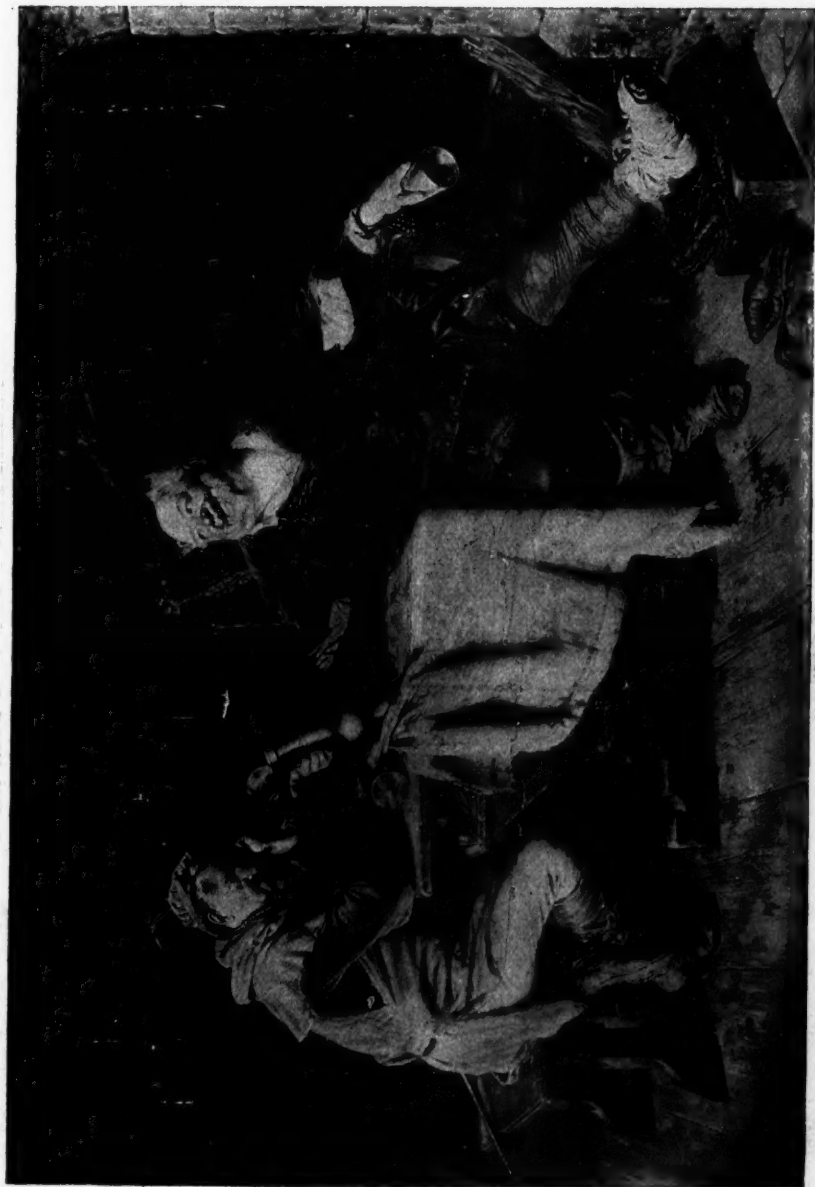
The engravings on these pages show a round of Grützner's scenes of monastery life. As a background for his groups of jolly friars, we have successively the music room, the workshop, the wine vault, the library, and the kitchen. Most characteristic of all, perhaps, is the picture on page 399, of the luckless cellarer who has been drawing not wisely but too well upon a cask of the monastery's oldest Johannisberger. Even in his vinous slumber, his fingers are closed upon a glass of the finest blood of Rhineland grape. A lean, ascetic monk has seen him, has crept softly away to find the abbot, and has brought the head of the monastic body to see how an erring brother breaks the rules

of the order. The disciplinarian dilates upon the horror of the offense, while the



"The Monastery Kitchen."

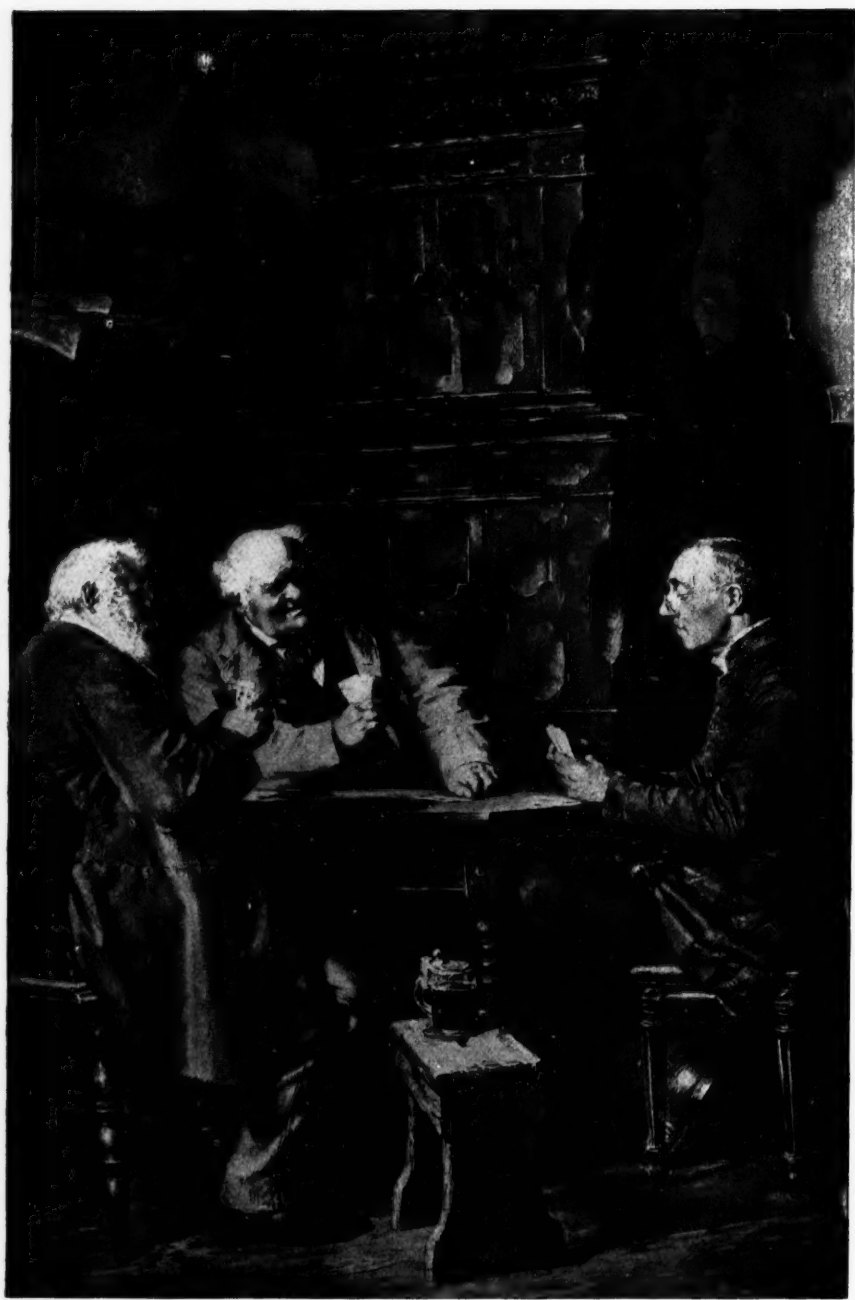
*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by E. Grützner.*



COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"Bardolph and Falstaff."

From the painting by E. Gröner—By permission of the Berlin Photographische Company, 14 East 55th St., New York.



"Three of a Kind."

*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by E. Grützne*

worthy old superior gazes at the culprit with a look of mingled reprobation and sympathy. There are few better pieces of humorous character painting.

The picture of the card players, and that of the hunter who narrates his marvelous adventures to the incredulous guests of a rustic inn, are good instances

of Grützner's scenes of South German peasant life—into which, again, he is fond of introducing the figure of an ecclesiastic. His "Bardolph and Falstaff," engraved on page 403, shows what a congenial theme he finds in the ludicrous personality of Shakspeare's fat and boastful knight.



## HUNTING THE BOAR.

*An old time sport that is still followed in the forests of Germany and in India—A chase that hunters find to be as full of peril and excitement as the slaying of the lion or the tiger.*

By Robert Scott Osborne.

"If a path be dangerous known,  
The danger's self is lure alone."

A SPICE of peril is the salt of sport. Civilized man proves his descent from savage ancestors by the combative strain that his nature never wholly loses. We glory in winning the prestige that attends upon success in every form of physical rivalry. The school-boy's proudest trophies are the scars of some hard fought football game. A few years later, perhaps, he is riding to hounds, and risking his neck over the stiffest fences he can find; he may be climbing ice clad mountains for the unmixed joy of triumph over nature's most fearful obstacles; or he may have sought out one of the corners of the world where "big game" is still to be found, and where, in facing Indian tiger or African lion, he can experience a thrill of

The stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel.

The wild boar may not be generally ranked with these monarchs of the jun-

gle and the veldt as an antagonist worthy of the boldest huntsman; but those who have seen him at bay know that there is no fiercer or more formidable animal than he.

"Of all the wild beasts I have hunted," declared Captain Shakespeare, a famous Nimrod of India, "elephant, buffalo, tiger, lion, bear, boar, panther, and leopard—not one ever made good his charge against the deadly bullets of my heavy rifle, or against my spear, save the wild boar and the panther. I consider boar hunting the finest sport in the world." And other noted hunters have expressed the same opinion of the sport that is known in India by the somewhat undignified name of "pig sticking."

The title of the "king of sports" has been given in England and Scotland to the chase of fox and stag; but in these countries wild boars are unknown. They are scarce everywhere in Europe, and would no doubt have become ex-





"At Bay."

*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by C. F. Deiker.*

tinct long ago had they not been preserved for the sake of the sport they give. They are to be found nowadays only on such great game preserves as the Kaiser's, and those of a few lesser German princes.

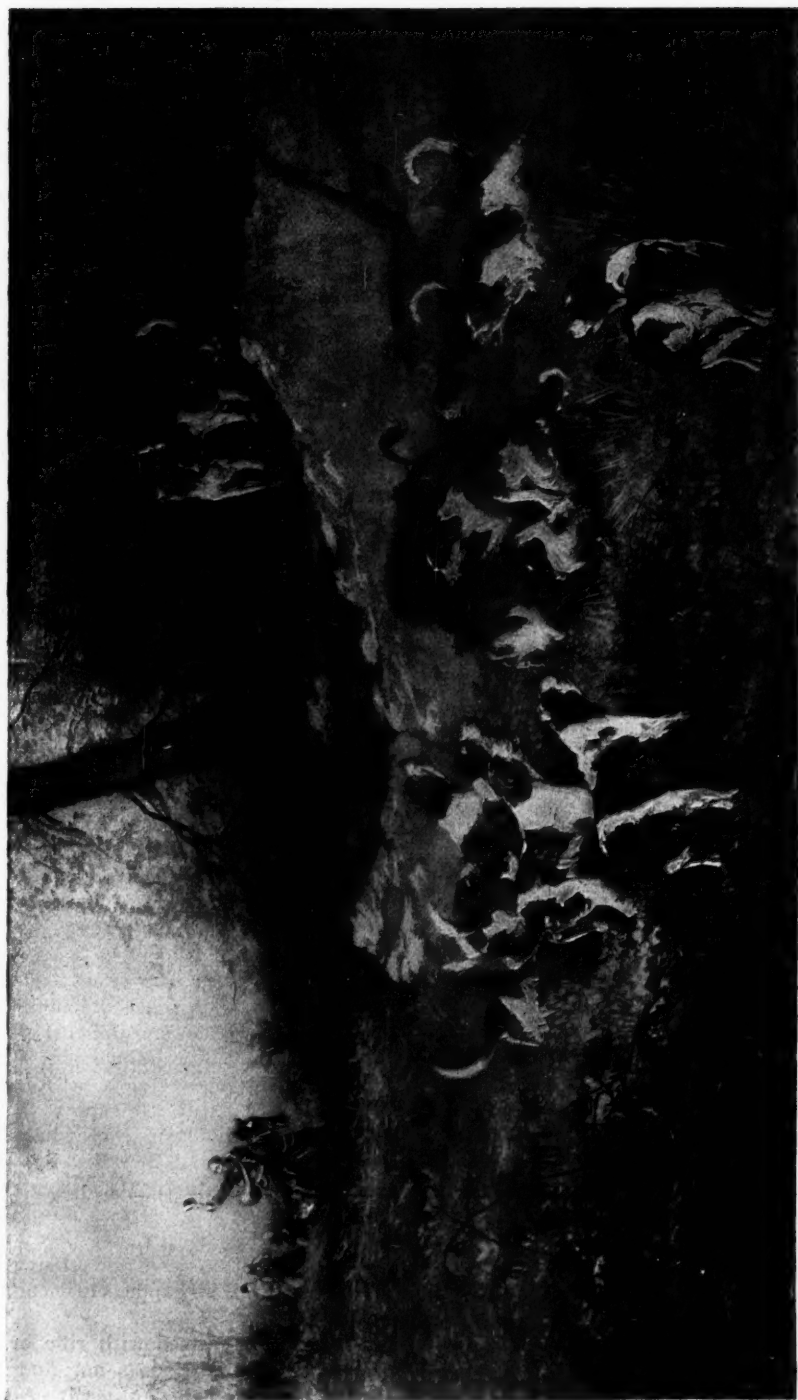
Readers of "Vivian Grey" may remember the exciting adventure into which Disraeli's accomplished hero stumbled as he traveled through a South German forest. Hearing a cry for help, Vivian turned into the wood, and "found himself in a small green glade, thickly surrounded with lofty trees. At the further corner of it a huntsman was engaged in a desperate contest with a wild boar.

"The huntsman was on his right knee, and held his spear with both hands at the furious beast. It was an animal

of extraordinary size and power. Its eyes glittered like fire. On the turf a mastiff lay on its back, with its body ripped open. Another dog had seized the ear of the beast; but the under tusk of the brute had penetrated the poor creature, which writhed in agony even while it attempted to wreak its vengeance upon its enemy. The huntsman was nearly exhausted. Had it not been for the courage of the dog that clung to the boar, and prevented it making a full dash at the man, he must have been instantly gored.

"Vivian was off his horse in a minute. 'Keep firm, sir!' said he. 'Do not move!'

"A graze of Vivian's spear on its back, though it did not materially injure the beast—for there the boar is



"A Boar Hunt in Germany."  
from the painting by O. de Pons



"The Hounds are Upon Him!"

Photographed by the Berlin Photographie Company from the painting by C. F. Deiker.

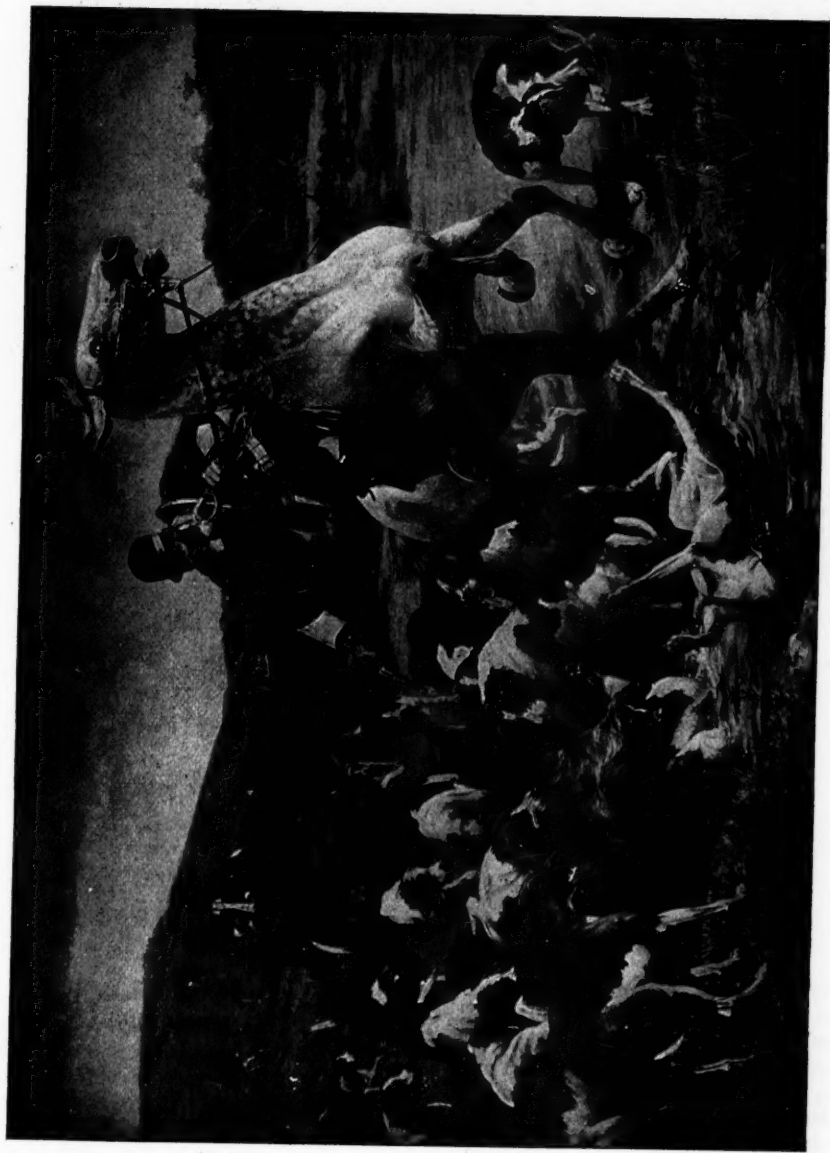
nearly invulnerable—annoyed it; and dashing off the dog, it turned on its new assailant. Now, there are only two places in which the wild boar can be assailed with effect—between the eyes, and between the shoulders. If once you miss, 'tis all up with you; the enraged animal rushes in like lightning, and gored you must be.

"But Vivian was fresh, and quite cool. The animal stood still, and eyed its new enemy. Then it suddenly darted upon the huntsman, who was not off his guard, though unable, from a wound in his knee, to rise. Vivian again annoyed the boar at the rear, and the animal returned to him. He made a feint as if he were about to strike his spike between its eyes. Goaded to fury, the boar rushed at him, and he buried his spear a foot deep between its shoulders. The beast made one fearful struggle, and then fell down quite dead."

And thus it was that Vivian saved the life of his serene highness, the

Prince of Little Lilliput. Nor does the novelist exaggerate the perils of the chase he describes. Old fashioned custom armed the hunter with no weapon save a long, stout spear and a heavy knife; and many were the cases where the furious charge of a boar swept aside the attacking hounds, dashed down the huntsman's defense, and inflicted ghastly wounds with the animal's frightful tusks, sometimes almost a foot in length. Even with the spear thrust clean through his body, a boar has been known to reach and mortally gore his foe. He fights to the last gasp, and never surrenders. He is as absolutely fearless as his cousin, the peccary of Central America, who will charge an express train if he happens to encounter one.

Even when armed with rifle or revolver, the hunter does not find the sport tame from lack of peril. A true aim and a steady hand are needed to hit a charging boar; and he is so tenacious



"The Death of the Boar."  
Photographed by Ad. Braun & Company from the painting by G. Besson.



"In the Winter Woods."

*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Christian Arner.*

of life that unless struck in a vital spot he will not stop for half a dozen bullets.

It may easily be imagined that no hound is a match for the wild boar. The untrained dog that dashes upon him in front goes to an almost certain death by those bayonet-like tusks. The German boar hound is taught to rush upon the enemy from behind, seize him by an ear, and "hang on" with the grip of a vise, after the fashion of the two dogs in

the picture by Deiker, engraved on page 408. The hound is fairly safe while he keeps his hold; shaken off, the boar would turn like a flash, and rend him.

To any one who ranks boar hunting as a sport lacking in the exciting element of peril, it is safe to reply:

"Thou know'st not what it is  
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,  
Whose tushes never sheathed he whetteth  
still,  
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill."





Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore.

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*

## FAMOUS AMERICAN BAND LEADERS.

*Two generations of progress in the development of military music—Its great pioneer in America, the late Patrick S. Gilmore—How the standards he set are being maintained by Sousa, Victor Herbert, and others.*

By James Clarence Harvey.

"THERE is not a band musician, high or low, who, if Gilmore were alive, would not take off his hat to him."

Such words from the lips of one who was already a prince in the realm of music when Gilmore was king, betoken the great leader's wondrous sway over human hearts, and fall like immortelles upon his last resting place. They are freighted with double meaning, spoken, as they were, by John Philip Sousa.

More than forty years ago, the Fourth of July concerts on the historic Common, which were adopted by the Boston city government as a regular feature of Independence Day, marked the first public recognition of the military band as an important factor in musical entertainment. They were followed by a series of promenade concerts in Music Hall, the success of which was phenomenal. They were organized and inaugurated by the man whose daring originality



D. W. Reeves.

*From a photograph by Dalbs, Pittsburgh.*

made his countrymen appreciate his services in securing for the military band its rightful niche in the temple of music.

The magnetic wave of Gilmore's baton did more toward banishing the sinister memories of civil strife than the rap of the statesman's gavel in the halls of legislation. It went straight to the heart of the South. That was a remarkable scene at the inauguration of Governor Hahn, in New Orleans, when ten thousand school children, accompanied by six hundred instrumentalists, the combined batteries of thirty six guns, and the united fire of three regiments of infantry, burst into the melody of "The Star Spangled Banner," and sent the patriotic echoes ringing through the length and breadth of the land.

Gilmore's great Peace Jubilees are matters of musical history. An orchestra

of two thousand pieces and a chorus of twenty thousand voices, in a mighty Coliseum which seated a hundred thousand people, were controlled by the great organizer with the same spirit that made the approach of Gilmore's band the never failing signal for enthusiasm as it marched at the head of the Twenty Second Regiment of the New York national guard.

When Gilmore was stricken down at the very summit of his fame, it was no small task to lift the great leader's baton and stand before his famous band as its recognized conductor. His first successor—that accomplished musician, D. W. Reeves—found that the public, though kindly disposed, did not care to hear Gilmore's Band without Gilmore until time had softened the heartache his death had caused. Mr. Reeves therefore resumed the leadership of his band in Providence, resigning the Gilmore baton to Mr. Victor Herbert of New York, whose excellent work



Victor Herbert.



John Philip Sousa.

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*

and undoubted musicianship have won golden opinions.

The notes of Gilmore's funeral march had scarcely died away when New York's crack regiment, the Seventh, lost its band leader, C. A. Cappa, who had organized one of the best regimental bands in America, if not the best. Upon W. B. Rogers, formerly the band's cornetist, fell the honor and the responsibilities of leadership, and under him its standard is faithfully maintained.

With John Philip Sousa at its head, the United States Marine Band, of Washington, had attained a national prominence when Mr. Sousa left it to

undertake a new departure in the history of American band music. In conjunction with Mr. David Blakely, a business man of exceptional ability, and an ardent lover of music, he created, out of the best material the world afforded, an organization that was designed and equipped for the concert room exclusively. Mr. Blakely was experienced in the financial management of the venture through years of association with Mr. Gilmore, while Mr. Sousa had firmly established himself artistically. Success simply awaited them.

Mr. Sousa is first the indefatigable drill master, then the graceful and forceful



W. B. Rogers, Bandmaster of the Seventh Regiment, New York.

*From a photograph by Jackson, Tacoma.*

conductor. The band of the Garde Republicaine has been his model, and he has found already that the public responds liberally to the honest efforts of the true artist. His organization is known only as a "concert band," without regimental connection, and dissociated from parades or public celebrations. On the program of such an organization must appear not only the evidences of musical superiority, but the constituent elements of popularity. The flavor of unmistakable humor must vary the monotony of continuously serious and severely classic performances, or the people withhold their patronage, without which such an enterprise must fail. The ability to feel the pulse of the public, and step by step to coax it to a higher plane of musical appreciation, is the mark of the earnest leader.

As a composer, too, Mr. Sousa—who is still a young man—has already made a deep impression. His original work has qualities that make the critics regard him as one of the most promising of American composers, while its wonderful popularity is evidenced by royalties of about two thousand dollars a month from the sale of his published pieces. Besides his almost constant concert work and band composition, this very busy and successful musician is now writing the score of De Wolf Hopper's next opera.

While such vigorous, and enthusiastic workers as Sousa, Reeves, Herbert, and Rogers, are striving to maintain the high standard set for them by Gilmore, it is safe to predict that the bands of America will continue to bear favorable comparison with those of the Old World.

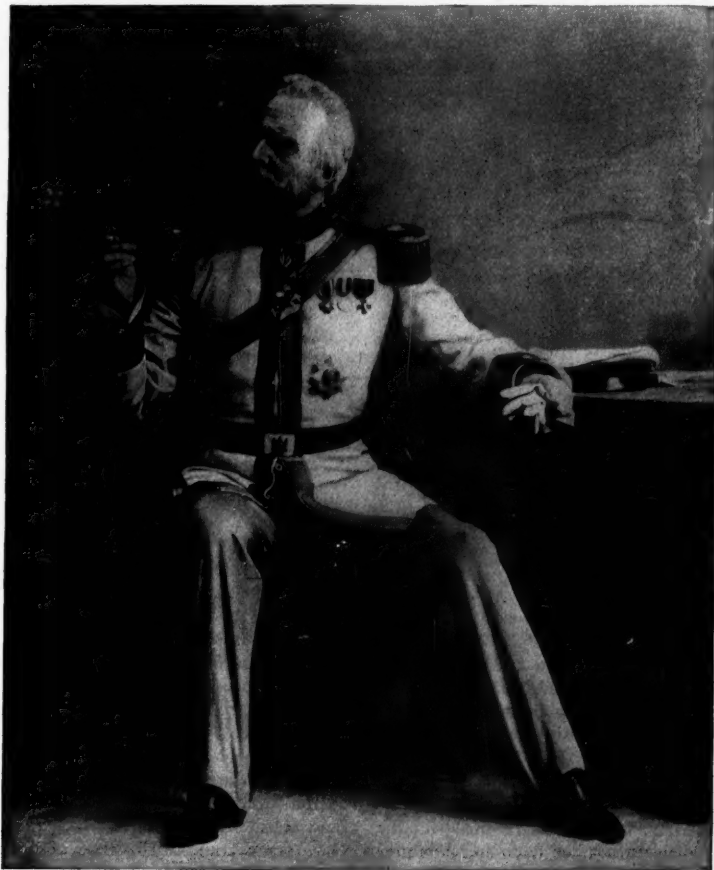
## THE STAGE

### MR. AND MRS. KENDAL.

THE Kendals have been in this country since the early autumn, playing in the far West. Everywhere "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" has aroused fierce discussion. In San Francisco Mrs. Kendal waxed wroth thereat, and freed her mind about America and the Americans in outspoken fashion.

It was inevitable that the presentation of a play like this by actors like these should provoke comment that was entirely apart from the merits of either play or artists *per se*. Hitherto the Kendals had posed as the—shall we say?—sole exponents on the stage of all the domestic virtues.

Mrs. Kendal's home life was put much in evidence, and the plays in which she and her husband appeared were all calculated to exalt virtue in the good, old fashioned way. Was it not natural, then, that the community should be shocked when this same paragon of virtue suddenly put herself before it in the guise of a woman who is vile? The Kendals are no doubt just as estimable people in their private lives now as they were before their production of Mr. Pinero's unpleasant play, but the public has lost faith in them, simply because the standard they themselves raised so high has been suffered to trail in the mire.



Mr. Kendal as Prince Karatoff in "The Silver Shell."

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



In her own defense Mrs. Kendal has sarcastically remarked that it is a proof of the beautiful childlikeness of our new and fresh country that we will not accept a woman who has played only sweet and

upon this English actress as a rare exotic of the stage, who remained upon it for the good she could do in the way of its elevation.

We present this month a portrait of Mr. Kendal in the character of *Prince Karatoff* in "The Silver Shell." His real name is William Hunter Grimston, and he comes of good family. His wife was Madge Robertson. Her grandfather, father, and uncle were all actors, and her brother was the playwright, T. W. Robertson.



Beatrice Cameron.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

winning women's parts in a character like *Mrs. Tanqueray*. She adds that in England there is a tradition that the man who can play a villain one night and a hero the next is the greater artist. But it is Mrs. Kendal's own fault that America expected to see her only in "sweet and winning women's parts." Was not this the specialty she taught us to expect from her advent? In interview and social chat and magazine essay, the pure and undefiled was lifted up and exalted till we came to look

#### MR. MANSFIELD AND THE METROPOLIS.

PERHAPS no play in which Mr. Richard Mansfield appears awakens more enthusiasm than "A Parisian Romance." This may be due to the fact that it was in the part of *Baron Chevrier* that this talented actor made his leap from obscurity to fame. It was at a performance of this drama during his last season in New York that Mr. Mansfield was summoned before the curtain several times after the death scene in the fourth act. Of course he did not come until he had removed his make up, and then, in response to repeated calls for a speech, he gave a fifteen minute talk that ought to have made a deep impression on his audience.

In droll, dry style he spoke of his efforts, through all the years of his management, to give the public only the best. He was very frank in avowing that the public had not supported him in his endeavors as he had hoped; but he went on to say, with reference to New York in particular, that if he only had a theater of his own in the metropolis, he could give them

still better performances, without charging—as do the imported artists who play in standard repertoire—more than a dollar and a half for a seat.

It is to be hoped that this little address will bear fruit. It is a shame that the dramatic center of the New World should be without a single theater in which a high class stock company can be at home, and appear during the season in a succession of plays that are legitimately attractive. Of course, in the present state of public taste,



Alice Evans.

*From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.*

when "Gaiety Girls" and Columbus burlesques fill the cash drawers in the box offices, such a theater would not pay at the start. It must be subsidized either by a syndicate of capitalists or by some multimillionaire who prefers to put his money into the elevation of the drama instead of yachts, horses, or paintings. In time the enterprise might come to be self sustaining; but whether this result were achieved or not, the sponsors of such a temple of the drama would be justified in feeling that their money was expended in a good cause.

Not all our readers, perhaps, will be aware of the fact that in looking at our portrait of Beatrice Cameron they behold Mrs. Richard Mansfield. In Miss Cameron, whom he married about two years ago, Mr. Mansfield finds a leading woman who is rarely sympathetic with his high aims, and who possesses the ability to aid him materially in carrying them into effect.

#### ALICE EVANS.

MISS EVANS succeeded the first Mrs. Charles Hoyt (Flora Walsh) in the rôles

that the latter filled in her husband's plays, "A Hole in the Ground," "A Brass Monkey," and "A Texas Steer." She is not yet twenty years old, and, like many another girl who has gone on the stage,

as *Rosamond*, in the traveling company presenting "Sowing the Wind," has written her name high in the short list of women who can play an emotional part without tearing it to pieces.



Josephine Hall.

*From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.*

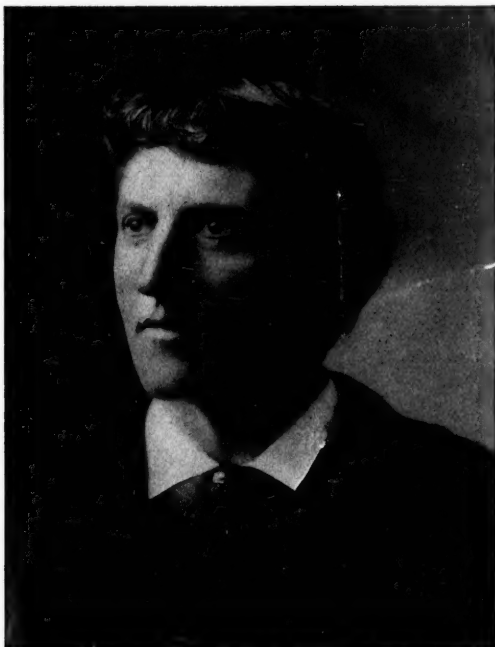
was educated at a convent. Reflecting on this odd fact, one is inclined to believe that the air of seclusion pervading such institutions reacts on some natures, impelling them to seek completely contrasted conditions in a life of excitement. Miss Evans is a native of Missouri, and first appeared in a child's part in "The Gipsy Baron."

MARY HAMPTON.

ANOTHER instance of the convent educated actress is found in Mary Hampton, who

"I certainly did not come by my taste for the stage naturally," Miss Hampton says, in speaking of her career. "My mother was a strict Methodist, my father a still stricter Baptist. After my mother's death, her family and my father could not decide what should be done with me. A compromise was effected by sending me to a convent, where I remained from my eleventh to my fourteenth year."

Miss Hampton's experience behind the footlights has been, in some portions of it,



Wilson Barrett.

of a highly educational description. For example, she once spent nine months with a stock company in Canada where the bill was changed every night. She is a Southerner, loves a horse, is an enthusiastic tennis player, and is fond of baseball, in the playing of which game, by the way, she has the reputation of being "a rattling good pitcher."

AN ACTRESS WHO CAN PLEASE  
THE PLAYWRIGHT.

JOSEPHINE HALL began her career on the light opera stage, appearing with Lillian Russell at New York's Casino. She comes of a wealthy New England family, and no expense was spared in her education. Deciding to give up music, she went to Europe and studied under Got, of the Théâtre Français. On her return to this country she was engaged by Charles Frohman. Under his management she has done superior work as *Jennie Buckstone* in "Shenandoah" and as *Katherine* in "Aristocracy." Bronson Howard says of her that she came nearer to filling his ideal of these two characters than any other artist now on the stage; high praise indeed to come from

the experienced author of these two successful plays.

WILSON BARRETT.

FROM the critic's standpoint, Wilson Barrett occupies the middle ground between Henry Irving on the one hand and the Kendals on the other. Mr. Barrett's forte is melodrama, and plays like "The Lights o' London" and "Hoodman Blind" find in him their ablest exponent. In London he is well known as a manager, and no less celebrated as an actor. For several years he was director of the Court Theater, where Mme. Modjeska made her first appearance in England, and where Bronson Howard's "Banker's Daughter" was brought out under the name "The Old Love



Mary Hampton.



Sybil Sanderson.

*From a photograph by Dupont, Brussels.*

and the New." Later he assumed control of the Princess', and now he is seriously contemplating permanent settlement in this country. The result of his present season of eight weeks at New York's American Theater will doubtless largely influence his final decision in this matter.

Mr. Barrett secures his effects through no subtilty of finesse. He paints with a large brush, and sterling virility character-

izes all his work. Free from mannerisms, he lacks that distinguishing personality which sometimes secures for less competent artists a larger measure of success. A pet hobby of his is scorn of the traditions of the stage. "I am fully convinced," he says, "that adherence to tradition in the performance of Shaksperian plays has helped to make Shakspeare unpopular with many playgoers. The origin of much of the





Bertha Bartlett.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

traditional business of the Shaksperian plays is lost in antiquity, and the meaning of it is but dimly understood by the actor who uses it.

"The Verona street in 'Romeo and Juliet' was painted generally in acute perspective, with a church at the vanishing point. This would render it quite possible for an actor to rest his elbow on a veranda three stories high, and this I have seen the *Peter* do, after having used up the rest of his spare time during the dialogue between Romeo and the nurse by catching flies from the top of the church steeple. Of course, scarcely a word would be heard of *Romeo's* dialogue for the laughter thus provoked, but if the ill starred lover dared to remonstrate with the low comedian he would reply that it was the 'usual business,' and he 'did not intend to be cut out of his

regular laughs for any *Romeo* under the sun or gaslight."

#### BERTHA BARTLETT.

"I'm the twenty seventh *Jessie*, and naturally, with so many forerunners with whom it is possible to compare me, I feel a little nervous about my rôle in 'Lord Chumley.'"

But in spite of her own forebodings, Miss Bartlett, the winsome *Enid Elphick* of "A Way to Win a Woman," is equally successful as *Jessie Deane*. She is greatly delighted at having secured a position in Mr. Sothorn's company thus early in her career, for she is only twenty, and her professional début was not made until last year, when she appeared with Creston Clark, in Baltimore, in "The Merchant of Venice."

"How did I do it?" she said, in answer

to a question put for the enlightenment of stage struck maidens. "Well, I hardly know. Through friends I obtained an interview with Mr. Frohman. He looked me over, listened to what I had to say, and

Miss Bartlett is the daughter of the late General J. J. Bartlett, who was United States minister to Norway and Sweden under Grant, and afterwards deputy commissioner of pensions under Cleveland.

She has spent most of her life in Washington, with her uncle.



Zelie de Lussan.  
From a photograph by Gehrig, Chicago.

ended by giving me a part in 'The Victoria Cross.' But that did not end my anxieties. A beginner must work very hard. It is not an easy life, fascinating as it may look from over the footlights. Every expression, every movement, must be studied, and then made as though it were the spontaneous action of the moment."

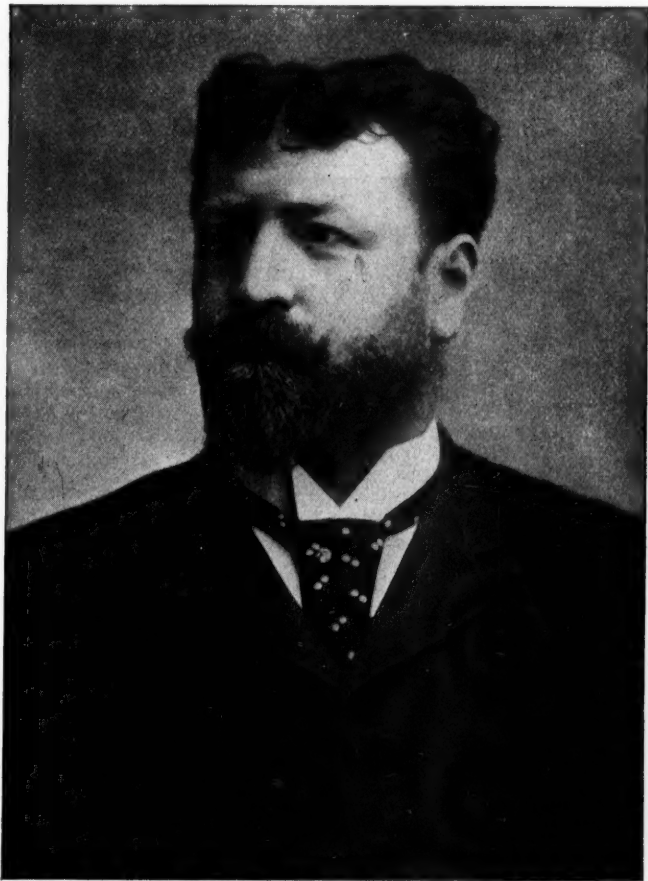
#### THE OPERA.

WITH a \$125,000 subscription list, fifty thousand dollars in excess of last year, the new season of grand opera in New York has been launched under unwontedly favorable financial auspices. Artistically, the management has provided a galaxy of singers whose reputations should insure brilliant work. Of course Calvé will be missed, but we have Mme. Eames and the two de Reszkes still. Then, Sybil Sanderson comes to us with strong indorsements.

Her father was Judge Sanderson, of California. All her musical education has been obtained abroad. It must be a precious memory to her now, since the success of "I Pagliacci," that one of her masters was Leoncavallo. It was he who introduced her to Massenet, whose opera "Manon" she had been studying under the young Italian composer. It was in this work that Miss Sanderson made her début in Amsterdam in 1888, under the name of Ada Palmer. Massenet became enthusiastic over the young American singer, and for her he wrote "Esclarmonde," which had a hundred night run in Paris.

Signor Tamagno, a tenor of the old school, reveling in such rôles as *Manrico* in "Trovatore," has been heard here before, having traveled with the Patti company.

Zelie de Lussan, an American who has taken a French name, sang here some few years since, for a time with the Bostonians. Her first hit was achieved in London as *Carmen*, in which part she made her début at the Metropolitan on the fourth night of



Francesco Tamagno.

*From a photograph by Montabone, Florence.*

the season. With the memory of Calvé still lingering longingly in every mind, a great success was more than could be reasonably expected. But the impression produced by Mlle. de Lussan was distinctly favorable; had she come before Calvé the critics might have written of her impersonation as a triumph.

#### THE LYCEUM COMPANY.

THERE is no playhouse in America where one can count more surely on being well entertained than at the Lyceum. Daniel Frohman knows what a good play is, and knows how to present it. There is no better stock company in New York than the Lyceum's; Daly alone contests the first place with it, but Daly has no Le Moyne, no Fritz Williams, to sustain Ada Rehan and his leading man, whoever he may be.

The weakest spot in the Lyceum forces is its leading man. Kelcey has been popular, it is true, but he has never been a finished actor—never has been what the leading man of so good a company should be. In "A Woman's Silence" he is outclassed by Stephen Grattan, the new acquisition, as he has been outclassed constantly by Le Moyne, Fritz Williams, and Ratcliffe. The contrast between Kelcey and Grattan is accentuated by the fact that Grattan impersonates the villain and should naturally, therefore, appear to less advantage than Kelcey. There is an impetuosity in Kelcey's acting that robs it of fine finish. He was well suited to the part he played in "The Amazons," and there did admirable work, whereas his interpretation of his rôle in "A Woman's Silence" falls short of first rate acting.

Virile with all that cumulative strength wherein Sardou outranks all his brother playwrights, this new drama, which he wrote especially for the Lyceum, is one whose beauty of construction alone challenges the admiration of all thinking be-

of that innocent girlhood which the dramatist intended to set in vivid contrast to the vain gossip and surging passions about her. As *Lady Wilhelmine*, in "The Amazons," she also made a distinctly favorable impression.

Miss Florence was the original *Fawn Afraid*, the Indian maiden, in the first production of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."



Katherine Florence.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

holders. Beginning with the idlest of summer chatter, illuminated by bits of business of almost audacious originality, it sweeps on to the startling climax of the last act with unerring accuracy. The theme could be told in a few sentences; only the master hand of the genius could develop from such slight materials the powerful story Sardou has made of it.

Katherine Florence has her opportunity in this play and does not fail to meet it. Her *Lucy Gordon* has all the winning graces

#### GOOD COMIC OPERAS GALORE.

WHEN a light opera is brought out in this country, especially if it be of home make, the critic usually anticipates an easy task. It is a far simpler matter to condemn than to praise, and besides, in "scoring" a piece there are so many more opportunities for saying clever things than if merely an appreciative review be written. The present season must be a disappointment to the gentlemen of the press who regard their work from this standpoint. To be sure, "The Queen of Brilliants" was fair prey, but over against this we have "Rob Roy," crowding the Herald Square Theater night after night; "Prince Ananias," with which the Bostonians are reaping a well deserved harvest; "The Devil's Deputy," a veritable golden egg for Francis Wilson; and "Jacinta," a sparkling, picturesque piece of tunefulness in which Louise Beaudet and Signor Perugini stand out most effectively against a bright background of Mexican coloring.

#### MODJESKA.

"I NEVER saw a man yet who spoke four languages and who had practical ideas. How many languages can you speak?"

The question was addressed by Mme. Modjeska to the correspondent of a San Francisco paper, who, with his wife, had come to pay her a visit at her California ranch. The water works were out of order, and while her husband, Count Bozenta, was investigating at the source of supply, a mile away, the countess was hunting around for a monkey wrench. On her guest replying that he could speak but one language,



Helena Modjeska.

*From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.*

she exclaimed enthusiastically, "Just the man I want!"

The name of this Western home of the Polish actress is "The Forest of Arden." The house itself, a rambling, one story building, set in the midst of a grove of giant oaks, might very appropriately be called Liberty Hall. The warm hearted hostess cares less for the conventions than for making her friends feel at home the instant they cross the threshold. "Take off your shoes, everybody," she will say to arriving guests; "people can't be comfortable with shoes on." When the day grows warm the ranch hands stop work, and lie off in the shade.

"Poor fellows!" says their mistress;

"they look so picturesque in repose;" and out to them goes a big pitcher of lemonade.

Mme. Modjeska likes to tell of her early days on the place, when she did all the washing herself.

"I used to bring my washtub into the parlor when we had concerts," she told the *News Letter* man, "so that I could hear the music. One night I splashed some suds on the musicians, and so they put me out, canceled my free pass, and I had to listen to Beethoven after that in the kitchen."

Mme. Modjeska came to America in 1876. She has announced that the present is her last season on the stage, as she intends returning to her native Poland.



AFTER THE SONG.

THE liquid music of her voice  
Hath so bewitched the strings,  
They seem to play, from very choice,  
The melody she sings.

And as the pressure of my bow  
Awakes the tuneless wood,  
So doth she set my heart aglow  
With her sweet womanhood !

*Harry Romaine.*



## OLAF JANSEN'S REQUITAL.

By Francis Lynde.

WE had been discussing the question of hiring another hand on the ranch that morning at the breakfast table. Father suggested it, and brother Will, who is the thrifty member of the firm, objected on the score of economy. He had not said in so many words that the youngest partner was having it easier than he should; but that was the inference, and it helped his side of the argument by keeping me silent. In the end, however, father prevailed, as he usually does. When we went about our several tasks for the forenoon, it was pretty well settled that we were to have a hired man.

I remember that morning very distinctly, because it fell to my lot to irrigate the orchard; and of all the soul destroying tasks in the monotonous round of ranch life, this was to me the least irksome. The orchard—we called it so by courtesy, though it was but a thin ranked regiment of yearling cuttings—was watered from the main ditch flowing along the head of the ten acre field devoted to horticulture. As the laterals were merely plowed furrows running between the rows of trees, the labor of irrigating resolved itself into one part of turning the water into the furrows, and nine parts of watching it slowly saturate its way down the irregular channels in the length of the dusty field.

The idle intervals were exceedingly precious. There was soft bunch grass for a couch; there were the bright sunshine and the luminous atmosphere of a Colorado day; there was the soothing murmur of the water in the main ditch, repeating in whispered gurglings the story of its swift rush of yesterday through the gorges of the canyon. Better than all these, there was the magnificent sweep of the immutable mountains themselves, rising abruptly from the wind swept plain in successive waves of barren grandeur, and lifting skyward the western horizon to its vanishing line of glittering snow. To an idle dreamer, whose ill health had been one of the many motives at the bottom of the family's migration to Colorado, the environment was at once inspiring and

seductive; but its harmonies kept better step with dreaming than with digging.

That morning, I remember, I had the gift of telescopic vision. To my eyes the bare mountain sides appeared no longer as vast reaches of color, shading up from bases of forest blue to summits of white. That was only the mask they wore for those who saw not. For me they were clad in the nearer majesty of gaunt and frowning cliffs, looking down upon wooded slopes and into rifted canyons. Our neighbor Giles, plowing in his field a mile away, ceased to be a mere speck of humanity directing the movements of two equally inconsequent atoms of horseflesh. I could see him quite well, from the rough cowhide boots stumbling over the clods in the furrow, to the battered hat pulled down over his keen little gray eyes. Looking steadily at him, the microscopic mental vision began presently to involve the other senses; I could hear the muffled *shurr* of the plowshare, and the labored breathing of the off horse, which was wind broken.

Down below the Giles' ranch there was the grove of cottonwoods which, under ordinary circumstances, hid the little village of Arvila, our post office and nearest railway station. On that day the leafy screen seemed to share the transparency of the atmosphere. I could see the commonplace detail of the single street running down past Jarkins' store and the post office to the railway platform where the usual knot of loungers—blessed brothers in idleness—awaited with sturdy patience the coming of the morning train from Denver.

After I had turned the water into the second line of furrows the train came in, crossing the wooden bridge over Riston Creek with a subdued roar; and when I looked again in the direction of the village, there was a moving figure in the road leading toward the ranch. It grew steadily as I watched it, materializing definitely, at last, in the form of an oddly dressed man letting himself through the bars at the lower end of the orchard.

That was Olaf's advent among us. A few

minutes later he stood before me with his hands thrust into the pockets of his leathern jacket, and his queer, foreign looking cap pushed far back from his brow.

"Hae been lookin' fer yob," he said laconically.

"What kind of a job?" I inquired, thinking how exactly the simple statement harmonized with the child-like blankness of his smooth face and the placid stare of his honest blue eyes.

"Hae not care—Hae kann vaerk poorty good on da faarm."

I saw father approaching the house from the wheat field in the rear, and called to him. When he came up I stated the object of the man's visit. He looked at the newcomer critically.

"How long have you been over?" he asked.

"En dis contrae?"

"Yes."

"Hae vill been haer one yare."

"What are you, Swedish or Danish?"

"Svenskt."

"What have you been doing?"

The man scratched his head in a meditative way, and looked puzzled. Father saw his difficulty, and put the question in a different form. "What have you been working at?"

"Hae been vaerkin' on da raalroad—sawmtames Hae vill chop da vood."

"What do you know about farming?"

"Hae not kann tael en dis contrae"—he pointed at the irrigating ditch, and looked up in mild interrogation at the cloudless sky—"Hae vill do yust so vael as Hae kann."

"What'll you work for?—how much money do you want?"

"Hae not kann tael dat, too; you'll yust kann pae me da sem like you'll pae oder maens."

"What's your name?"

"Olaf Yansen."

I have spelled it as he pronounced it, and have striven to twist the stubborn English alphabet into some such combinations as would convey a suggestion of his quaint dialect, but the result is rather unsatisfying. No arrangement of the types can give the mellow monotone of his speech, with the long drawn vowels and the musical accent. As to the name, it was weeks before it occurred to any of us that it was our familiar "Johnson" done into Swedish.

That was the manner of Olaf's hiring. With that, he slipped into the small pool of domestic life at the ranch without stirring any of its profounder depths. Brother Will, it is true, found fault with Olaf's lack of ex-

perience in irrigation farming, hinting darkly at the waste of time necessary to his education therein; but the patient willingness of the new hand speedily overcame the prejudice. He won a similar and smaller victory in the estimation of Kate, who, with the dutiful loyalty of a good wife, had reflected somewhat of Will's early dissatisfaction.

It was through the medium of my small namesake and his still smaller sister that the newcomer found his way to Kate's favor. The little ones loved him from the beginning, and it is not in the heart of a mother to harbor unkindly feelings toward any one whom her children have accepted. If, as it is said, the good will of children and animals may be taken as a guaranty of uprightness in a man, Olaf's character was pretty well established by the time he had been with us a fortnight. His transparent honesty impressed us all, and our good opinion of him was shared, with perhaps better reason, by the horses and the cattle, and even the house dog.

To this general outreach of kindness toward our simple hearted laborer, I must make one exception. One of the horses, a bronco—whose purchase name of "Jack" was speedily changed to "Demon" when we had witnessed an exhibition of his depravity—had promptly included the Swede in his list of things to be destroyed; but in the case of this equine fiend Olaf only shared with the rest of us in the impartial distribution of the bronco's favors.

Father was responsible for the purchase of this unruly beast; and it was due to his conscientious scruples that we had never been able to get rid of it. No one would buy the horse after hearing the faithful and succinct account of his impish accomplishments which father thought necessary to give to every prospective purchaser. We had owned him but a few days when it was clearly demonstrated that no one but Will could manage him. He had driven me out of the stable the first time I attempted to feed him, compelling me to resort to the expedient of carrying the measure of grain to the loft, whence it could be poured into the manger without endangering the life of the pourer. Father had his turn a little later in the day, when he tried to harness the brute to the wagon. I never knew just what occurred, but Kate told me afterward that father came in limping, and that Will went to the stable with an axe handle.

On the day of his arrival, Olaf had been told of Demon's playful peculiarities; but nevertheless, he, too, came limping to the

house after feeding time. Little Tom noticed it, and inquired, with childish gravity, "Say, what makes you go this way?"—illustrating the question by imitating Olaf's halting steps.

The descendant of vikings looked down upon the small interrogation point with a benignant smile. "Hae tank dat hawrse is poorty mean hawrse," he said, and Will, overhearing the remark, added another word of caution:

"Yes, you'll have to be middling careful with Demon; he'll have you for breakfast some fine morning, if you ain't."

For some reason best known to my father and brother, Olaf's induction into the mysteries of the fine art of irrigation was intrusted to me. If the reason were obscure, I am quite sure that my satisfaction must have been evident enough. It was a division of labor peculiarly suited to my temperament, and I very willingly assumed the responsibility of instruction in consideration of the fact that my pupil carried and used the long handled shovel.

By judicious management I was enabled to prolong the period of tutelage indefinitely, and so it happened that I saw much more of Olaf than did the others. It was to me, too, that he unbosomed himself when the necessity for a confidant finally overcame his reticent habit; and I learned in broken sentences, which I will not attempt to reproduce here, the simple story of his early life in the Old World.

He was the son of a small farmer in Svealand, and his youth had been spent in the incessant toil of the Swedish peasant. His neighbors were the Olesons, and as he told how Elsa Oleson and he had grown up side by side, the inevitable result suggested itself long before his halting speech had compassed the uneventful narrative of peasant love. There were difficulties, however. Ole Jansen had other children to provide for, and the farm was small; Elsa's father was also poor, and his land was held upon a life tenure. There seemed to be no room for the young people in the Old World, and so Olaf had come to the New. That was all, except that when he should have saved enough from his wages to pay her passage, Elsa was to join him and they were to be married.

"How much have you got toward it, Olaf?" I asked, when he reached this point in his narrative.

"Hae not kann tael ho you make dat; Hae tank das poorty near 'nough." He thrust the shovel upright into the ground, and took out a dilapidated wallet, wound

about with many wrappings of twine. Opening it and handing me a thin wad of bank notes, he said, "Please you cohnt dat."

There were ninety three dollars, and I explained, as best I could, the value of the amount, adding that it would take something more than half of it to prepay an emigrant passage from Stockholm to Denver.

He rewrapped the precious savings with careful deliberation, a broad smile brightening his honest face. "Hae tank das poorty near 'nough," he repeated; "Hae not kann vait more dan vone mohnt—den Hae vill sent da *biljet*."

I had a sudden accession of respect for Olaf after this conversation. Here was a man adrift, one might say, in a country where he knew little of the language and still less of the people—whose accomplishments were of the lowest order, and yet whose faith was of the kind that moves mountains. With only a day's labor and a few paltry dollars between himself and destitution, he was ready to assume the responsibilities of matrimony, and all of its attendant hazards. Verily, such a one is not to be lightly spoken of; and I think I honored him rather more than I pitied him.

As a faithful and intelligent laborer on the ranch, Olaf had established himself quite firmly with father and Will before the occurrence of an incident which broke down, once for all, the barrier between master and servant existing in some sort even in the attenuated social atmosphere of Colorado ranch life. Demon was responsible for the incident, as he was for most of the untoward happenings on the ranch. The mare had gone lame the day before, and although we had never been able to work Demon in anything but the wagon, Will determined to harness him, with the other bronco, to the reaper. Thereupon ensued a furious battle, in which the vicious animal finally succumbed to the united efforts of Will, Olaf, and the axe handle.

We were all watching the struggle at a safe distance; father, Kate, and myself from the back porch of the house, and little Tom and his sister standing at the edge of the wheat field, which was separated from the dooryard only by the line of a shallow ditch. After his subjugation, the bronco stood quietly for a moment. Olaf started toward the barn, while Will prepared to mount to the driver's seat on the reaper.

In the twinkling of an eye the devil entered into the horse again. Before we could cry out, Will was rolling in the dust, and the horses, with the cumbrous machine at their heels, were describing a wide circle

through the standing grain. In their mad flight, the cutter bar dropped down; and as the horses swung around and headed toward the house again, they left a broad swath of stubble behind them.

It was all done very quickly. I do not think that any of us on the porch had thought of the children's danger until the plunging animals were almost upon them; and it was to Olaf, whose methodical slowness had pointed many a jibe, that we owed the lives of the little ones. He dashed across the yard with the speed of an arrow, snatched the babies from under the very hoofs of the broncos, and threw them to the right and left far out into the wheat. He had no time to save himself, however; and how he managed to escape alive from the horrible tangle of frantic animals and whirling machinery was little short of miraculous.

When the horses had come to grief against the well curb, and the excitement had subsided sufficiently to allow us to tabulate the casualties, our viking was found to be badly bruised, but not seriously injured. We were all so thankful for the safety of the children, and the escape of their rescuer, that Demon was not immediately ordered out for execution, as he should have been.

This affair gave Olaf a new standing with all of us, and the hired man was the subject of a family council when we were gathered in the dining room that evening after supper.

"It was certainly a very cool bit of work," said father, referring to the rescue.

"Cool?" exclaimed Kate. "It was heroic! It was simply grand! I could have put my arms around his neck and hugged him!"

"Why didn't you?" asked Will, with a shade more of sarcasm than I thought the occasion demanded.

"Because—well, because——"

"Because you knew better," I suggested; "any way, I'm not sure Olaf would have appreciated it if you had. He's pretty badly tangled up in a pair of arms which are at present in Sweden," and here I told the story of the Svealand idyl.

"That simplifies matters somewhat," said father, rising and standing absently before the chimney, opposite the place where the grate should have been. "I've been kind o' puzzling all day to think what we could do for him, and I guess that points out the way. There's Giles' north forty that he can't sell without a water right, and that's got to come from our ditch. I s'pose we can spare the water if we have to, and I'll

see what kind of a dicker I can make with Giles. The land ain't worth anything as it stands now, and he ought to be willing to let it go pretty cheap."

It was just at this juncture that my economical brother surprised me.

"If you'll do that, father," he said, "I'll undertake to get the lumber for a shanty, and we'll all turn in and help put it up. When's he going to send for his girl, Tom?"—turning to me.

"Next month, he said; but under the circumstances, I shouldn't wonder if he'd like to do it sooner. He has more than enough money."

"All right," rejoined Will. "We'll consider that settled. You can tell him in the morning, Tom, and if he feels able, he can take the mare and the buggy, and go to town. I expect you'd better go with him, though; like as not he will fall into the hands of some scalper and lose his money, if you don't."

When I told Olaf the following morning of the good fortune which was to befall him, he looked the gratitude which his scanty English vocabulary refused to compass for him.

"Das poorty good, das what Hae tank—das poorty good!" he said over and over again, as we were hitching up the mare; and beyond an occasional repetition of this remark, he spoke little during the ten mile drive to Denver. Our business at the ticket office was soon despatched, and we returned to the ranch in time for dinner, with the comforting assurance that Mistress Elsa Oleson, of Leksand, Svealand, Sweden, would shortly be notified that her *biljet* to Denver awaited her at the office of the Thingvalla line, in Stockholm.

It is not to be supposed, however, that Olaf permitted the good news to reach Leksand only through the official channel. He presented himself at the door of my room that evening, cap in hand.

"Off you please, Mester Tohm, Hae vood laik to raight some latter," he said, beaming upon me with a smile that illuminated his plain features with the glad light one sees oftenest on the faces of children.

I established him at my table with the necessary materials, and he labored patiently with the stubborn pen for something more than an hour. When the short missive was finished and addressed, he said:

"Hae taenk you, Mester Tohm; das poorty good—das poorty good;" and I have reason to believe that the precious epistle was mailed that same night at the cost of a tramp in the dark to Arvila.



Neighbor Giles was amenable to reason, though I have always believed that father used the water argument for what it was worth. The forty acres in question were all under our ditch, and unless we chose to sell the water, there was no possible way of irrigating them. Better than this—or rather worse, for our neighbor—the lateral supplying the Giles ranch from the main ditch ran short nearly every year, and Giles was compelled to buy water of us to make up the deficiency. As he had no contract for this extra supply, he probably found it to his interest not to haggle overmuch about the price of the barren forty acres.

The setting up of the two room shanty was a matter of a day's work for the four of us. The finishing was left for Olaf's spare hours, and the sound of his incessant hammer beat our tattoo at bed time and our reveille in the morning. Supposing that the phlegmatic current of his Scandinavian blood was ever disturbed by an occasional ripple of the impatience that would have made the interval of waiting a sore trial for other men, the provision which gave him constant employment was a wise one. He had little time for impatient repining, and I presume, from his point of view, there was still less cause for such a feeling.

After the proper interval there came a letter from Elsa, saying that she would leave Stockholm in the Thuringia; and as that ship had sailed four days after the date of her letter, we were warranted in looking from day to day for the telegram from the New York agent, which was to inform us that our emigrant had started westward.

By the time it came, the small homestead was ready for its occupants. Kate and I had undertaken the simple furnishing. Not to be outdone in gratitude by her thrifty husband, Kate had used her butter money unstintingly, and had contributed liberally from her own stock of household appurtenances. For one who was at best little more than an idle pensioner upon the bounty of others, there was left no greater service than the fashioning of such homely utensils as could be made in the ranch workshop; but I am sure that Olaf did not measure the motive by the intrinsic value of the results. He was a willing servant to all of us, but his manner towards me seemed to have in it something of the tenderness which had so early won the hearts of little Tom and his sister.

At last the day for which all other days had waited dawned bright and cloudless. The overland train was due in Denver at three o'clock in the afternoon. At his own

request, I accompanied Olaf to town in the buggy; but it was arranged that he was to drive back with Elsa, leaving me to follow on the evening train to Arvika.

When we reached the city we found that the overland was half an hour late; and it was during this last instalment of delay that Olaf showed the first signs of impatience. He marched gravely up and down the long platform at the station with his hands in the pockets of his leathern jacket—worn, I fancied, for the purpose of greeting the eyes of the girl with a familiar reminder of the Swedish fatherland—and I noticed that when he faced eastward, his gaze swept the brown stretch of the prairies with an unwonted eagerness.

At length the line of black smoke could be seen rising across the dun hills, and a few minutes later the incoming train rolled slowly into the station. I pointed out the second class car, and sauntered leisurely after Olaf as he went toward the stream or debarking passengers. Elsa was among the last, and I had time to observe that she was of the blanched type, pretty of face, and of shapely proportions. A small dark man, with beetle brows and the beard of a pirate helped her down from the high step of the car; I saw her roving glance single out Olaf in the crowd, and then her eyes dropped and she stood passively, waiting for him to approach.

Since I had not the privileged indelicacy of an entire stranger, I turned my back upon their meeting. When I looked again, Olaf was stumbling toward me with a wan pallor in his face, and a look in his eyes like that of an animal wounded to death. Elsa had taken the arm of the pirate, and they were moving leisurely with the crowd toward the baggage room.

"What is it, Olaf?" I asked as he came up to me.

"She not kann cohm; she yust tank she go vid da oder maens." There was no anger in his voice, no resentment; it was simple suffering.

"Who is the other man?"

"Hae not kann tael dat—dey vill cohm togedder from da old contrae."

There seemed to be nothing helpful to be said, and I led Olaf through the arched passageway in the station building to where the mare was hitched. Then the cruel heartlessness of it all came over me like the shock of a personal loss. Bidding Olaf stay with the mare, I hurried back to the platform, and looked anxiously up and down for the familiar uniform of the station police. I knew there was one man on the

force who could speak Swedish; and I determined, if I could find him, to make an effort to bring the girl to her senses.

Fortunately, the officer was on duty, and I briefly outlined the pitiful story to him as we hastened to the baggage room. "Take the girl out of the man's hearing, and try to make her understand what a pitiless thing she is doing," I said, as we entered the vestibule and caught sight of the pair standing at the baggage counter.

It was evident enough, even to one who understood no word of the appeal, that officer Nelson did his whole duty. The girl stood with downcast eyes while he was speaking, the color coming and going in her cheeks. The pirate made no effort to interfere, being doubtless deterred by a wholesome respect for the uniform; but when the officer made an end of his plea, the man drew a handful of coin from his pocket and stood idly chinking it on the counter. Elsa looked up quickly at the sound, shook her head at Nelson, and went slowly back to her companion.

"It's no good, I guess," said the officer. "She most likely thinks that fellow's got more money than t'other one."

"I'm afraid that's about the size of it," I replied sadly, "but it's a miserable shame, Nelson—the more so, as I believe that man's a scoundrel. If he isn't, he's got a good case for a suit for damages against his face. I think he'll bear watching."

"I don't know but what you're right," said the officer, scrutinizing the pirate suspiciously. "I'll report the whole business to Captain John, and if that there fellow so much as bats his eye on the wrong side, he'll land in the cooler—that's about what'll happen to him."

This was a grain of comfort, but it was not of the kind that I could offer to Olaf. I found our poor viking sitting in the buggy with his face buried in his hands; and I climbed in beside him, and drove away without speaking to him. When we were on the long bridge crossing the Platte, I caught a faint whiff of alcohol, and knew that Olaf had taken advantage of my absence to procure a supply of the fool's nepenthe. That had to be stopped at once, and dropping the reins, I made an uncere- monious search in the pockets of the leathern jacket. I found a pint flask of the fiery liquid in one of the inside pockets, and Olaf made no objection when I drew the cork and tossed the bottle into the river. He spoke but once during the long drive, and that was just as we were approaching the ranch.

"Ho kann Hae tael your fadder un Mester Vill?" he asked.

"Don't tell them," I replied. "I'll manage that. You just go about your work as if nothing had happened."

I made the offer on the spur of the moment, and Kate unconsciously gave me time to wait for a favorable opportunity. They were all assembled in the yard to meet us as we drove up, and Kate clasped her hands gleefully.

"Then she *didn't* come, after all!" she said. "I just knew your impatience had made you gain a day; I told you she couldn't possibly reach Denver till tomorrow afternoon."

That pushed the miserable recital a little way into the future, and I watched my chances anxiously at the supper table while Olaf was at the barn feeding the stock. Once I thought I had an opening, when the evening train from Denver whistled for Arvila, and Kate said:

"There's the train that you were to come out on, Tom. Wouldn't it be a joke if you two missed her in the crowd, and she had to come out alone?"

"We couldn't have missed her very well. It might have been better——"

A confused din of crashing timbers and spiteful hoof blows floated in through the open windows, and I hesitated while we listened.

"That fool of a horse is at it again!" exclaimed father, rising hastily. "He'll be the death of some of us yet, if we don't get rid of him pretty soon."

Everything was quiet when we reached the barn, and the dim sheen of Olaf's lantern hanging on the wall lighted a ghastly sight. Demon was half buried in the wreck of his stall, with his head thrust under the manger and his neck broken by the heavy hitching rope. Olaf was lying on his back, partly under the horse, the blood oozing slowly from a gash in his forehead. When we got him out he was quite unconscious. There was but the faintest fluttering of the heart to tell us that he was not killed outright. Father knelt beside him, and made a hasty examination of the wound.

"It's pretty deep, but I hope the skull isn't broken. Let's take him over to the shanty, and then you go for the doctor, Will, just as quick as you can."

We lifted him gently, and carried him to the little cabin where he had spent his strength so freely in the labor of love; and when we had put him upon the bed, Will ran over to tell Kate. She came at once, and while we were doing the little that un-

skilled hands might venture, I heard the rapid gallop of the mare, and knew that Will was on his way to Arvila.

When everything had been done that pity could suggest, father and Kate left me to watch by the bedside until Will should return with the physician. Presently it became unbearable to sit there in the silence of the dimly lighted room, where the atmosphere seemed close and heavy with the presence of death; and I went to the door, and stood looking out into the starlit night.

The contrast between the stately calm of nature and the tragic episode of human life forced itself upon me with sharp distinctness. Out of doors, the serene arch of the heavens bending in solemn majesty over the dusky landscape, lying still and colorless in the starlight; the huge bulk of the range rising like the folds of a somber curtain drawn across the western horizon; the immensity of space and of night stretching a pall of invisibility over the trivial works of man. And within, the homely setting of the laborer's cabin, to the gathering of which had gone the best impulses in the life of the poor peasant there on the bed.

And this was his home coming on the day which was to have brought him to the joyful ending of his long probation! Thinking of his bitter disappointment, I wondered if, after all, the tragic conclusion were not the most fitting. What could the man find worth living for when all the plans and ambitions in his life were involved in this pitiful shipwreck?

I stepped out into the night, and walked down to the gate, to see if Will were coming. There were no horsemen within sight

or hearing, and I was about to turn back to the cabin when I saw the shadowy outline of some one coming on foot from the direction of the village. It was a woman, and she crossed the road and looked past me at the open door of the cabin.

"Were you looking for somebody?" I inquired, holding the gate open.

She came inside and stood close to me, peering intently into my face. The movement was so unexpected that it disconcerted me, and I did not recognize her until she took my hand in both of hers and said, "Olaf." Then I knew it was Elsa, and that she had repented. "Olaf! Olaf!" she repeated, and the poverty of speech was richly compensated by the beseechingness of her voice.

"Ja," I replied, expending my entire store of Swedish in the simple affirmative, as I led her to the door of the shanty.

She stood for a moment in pitiful bewilderment, and then dropped upon her knees at the bedside. For the second time that day, I felt that I had not the right of a disinterested onlooker, and I made another journey to the gate to look for Will. He rode up with the doctor a few minutes later, and then I hastened back to the cabin, to be ready to explain Elsa's presence.

When I looked in at the open door, she was still kneeling beside him, with her face buried in the bedclothes; and our viking was stroking her hair and talking to her as he would soothe a weeping child. He looked up with a radiant face as I entered.

"Da leetle Elsa's cohm back to Olaf—Hae tank das poorty good gaerl, aand it, Mester Tohm?"

---

AD CAELUM.

At the muezzin's call for prayer,  
The kneeling Faithful thronged the square;

And on Pushkara's lofty height,  
The dark priests chanted Brahma's might;

Amid a monastery's weeds,  
An old Franciscan told his beads;

While to the synagogue there came  
A Jew, to praise Jehovah's name.

The One Great God looked down and smiled,  
And counted each his loving child;  
For Turk and Brahmin, monk and Jew,  
Had reached Him through the gods they knew.

*Harry Romaine.*

## LITERARY CHAT

### CONAN DOYLE IN AMERICA.

It is to be supposed that Dr. Conan Doyle enjoyed his stay in America, or he would not have tarried with us so long as he did. But any one who saw him was likely to wish to send him back home again to begin writing more books. A meeting with him added little to the impression of the man that one gets from reading his stories. He has none of the charm, the magnetism, the sympathy, which keep a man's personality before the public.

When we first heard that the creator of *Sherlock Holmes* was to come here and talk, we rejoiced. He must be entertaining, we thought, because he writes entertaining books. But after hearing Dr. Doyle you have an uncomfortable feeling that he writes prescriptions for his novels and then carefully fills up the schedule; that his stories are compounded of various chemical ingredients. Brilliant imagination Conan Doyle has; but after you see him, you begrudge him the hidden gift as a personal possession.

He says that he usually takes a year to write a story, and that he is reading books upon the subject all the time. And he is ashamed of *Sherlock Holmes*! He says that he considers the *Sherlock Holmes* stories the very worst things he has done, and that he killed *Holmes* because he refused to be identified with him any longer.

It is true that from the standpoint of the critic, Dr. Doyle's saturnine detective was mixed up in some very ridiculous adventures; so ridiculous, sometimes, that they savored of practical jokes. "The Yellow Mask" was one of these. It was the pleasing tale of an American lady from one of our Southern States. She had married a negro, who died, leaving her a little girl. Having taken an Englishman for her second husband, she hesitated to introduce her colored infant into the family, but put a mask on the baby's face and hid her in a cottage near her home. *Sherlock Holmes* went down and removed the mask, and they all lived happily ever after.

Then there was that other blood curdling tale of the terrible Ku Klux Klan who followed a family over land and sea, and murdered them one by one, in an effort to obtain the "secret papers" of the "order."

Yet the fact remains, that *Sherlock Holmes* is Dr. Doyle's one original character. He has written excellent historical novels, and exciting and thrilling narratives, but he has made but one creation; and now he confesses that he killed that creation because he was ashamed of it.

Dr. Doyle says that the London literary cliques of which we hear are made up of the smaller fry of the literary pool, and of critics. He himself lives in the country. He never attended a "literary reception" in his life; and you look at his sensible face, and make up your mind that when this engagement is over he will cease exhibiting himself on the platform. He is a clever writer, we know, and a delightful friend, we are told; but he has nothing personally to give the public, except his books.

### MAX O'RELL'S OPINIONS.

M. PAUL BLOUET, who is in America upon his fourth lecturing tour, is one of the cleverest conversationalists that ever touch these shores. He has an opinion upon almost every social and literary question. He has known thousands of famous and witty people, and he tells you all about them in delightfully crisp and dramatic sentences. Sometimes his companion fancies that the opinions are as newly coined and as hot from the mint of his mind as are the sentences that contain them; but this is no fault—only an added charm.

His new lecture is called "Her Royal Highness, Woman," and he has given it all over England and Australia with great success. It is a series of scenes which M. Blouet acts himself, exhibiting the characteristics of the English, French, and American women as he has known them in personal experience.

"A Frenchman loves woman; he understands woman. From his earliest youth he studies her, mentally and morally. She is his one engrossing subject, the one study he never finishes. It is easy for him to talk of her, as it is easy for him to talk to her."

M. Blouet has lived for many years in England, and he says that he hardly knows whether he is French or English. The most casual acquaintance could tell him that he is essentially a Frenchman all the time.



Speaking of Zola, he says that he considers him the greatest of French novelists. "I was an officer of artillery and went over exactly the ground depicted in 'La Débâcle,' and I am bewildered that Zola could have known the details so thoroughly. I have read and reread the book. It is my own experience. Zola's one fault consists in not only calling a spade a spade, but adding offensive adjectives to the noun. Ah—but I am afraid I am thinking in English when I say that! A Frenchman would not think it. Words do not offend a Frenchman. It is the thing. In England it is the other way. The people will tolerate a thing they will not talk about.

"England has no real expression. Her literature and her art are all lies. The novelist and the artist are afraid to depict what they see—at least the general run of them are. When an Englishman does break loose he goes beyond anything a Frenchman ever dreamed of; and not having the habit of exact truth, he is often as false in the other direction.

"Take, as an example, Hall Caine's new book, 'The Manxman.' I said to Caine, 'You are a great man'—not that Hall Caine needed to be told that. He knows it all the time—but your great scene in 'The Manxman' is an impossible scene. You have tried to be realistic; you have created an impossible woman. A woman may be bad, but she cannot be good and pure, and act like a depraved creature. She cannot.' Zola would never have made that mistake.

"Sarah Bernhardt says that it is the despair of her life that Zola is not a dramatist. He never can be. Can a great man like that stop in the midst of his most dramatic moment to remember that there is a door 'L' where the actor must retire? He is too broad for the stage of a theater."

M. Blouet considers Paul Bourget the Frenchman's master in style. "He analyzes too much," Blouet goes on. "Sometimes there are only shreds left in your hands after he has dissected his subject, but he can teach the delight of words!

"When I was in Samoa the other day Robert Louis Stevenson asked me to read 'Souvenirs of Italy.' It is only a guide book to out of the way places, but the charm of the style was such that I read and reread it. Style is to matter what a fine instrument is to music. A chord, a scale, played by a master on a Stradivarius is exquisite. Bourget can make the simplest theme beautiful."

M. Blouet is amused at the sight of

American women following after the cult of the "New Woman" as she is being exploited in England. "The American women," he says, "have a consideration which the English women would never dream of enjoying in their wildest revolt. The class in England who do the writing are not the class who need reforms. The women writers are speaking not for themselves, but for the classes beneath them, where the woman is still a housekeeper and nurse, and nothing else. Their attitude is the attitude of the writer, not of the victim."

—  
"LUKE SHARP."

Mr. ROBERT BARR has lately visited America, to discover why the *Idler*, which he and Jerome K. Jerome jointly edit, is not the most popular magazine in America.

The day before his departure he was talking to a party of friends, and opening his mail. He ran a knife along the edges of a thick envelope, and took out four closely written sheets from Rudyard Kipling, whose Vermont home Mr. Barr visited while here.

"Now, look at that," he said admiringly. "There is five hundred dollars' worth of Kipling manuscript, for me alone. But I suppose it is all about the baby. Kipling has lost all interest in India and England. He is the abject slave of his American baby. When that dimpled foot was placed upon his neck he abandoned all desire for freedom."

Mr. Barr opened some English and American newspapers, and read aloud some of the comments upon his new books. One of these, a volume of short stories, contains "A Deal on 'Change," which was first published in an American paper. It seems that Gertrude Atherton had felt called upon to write an open letter—which Mr. Barr had seen—protesting against Americans reading such "stuff." "Why should an American public read stories of American life written by an Englishman?" Mrs. Atherton asked. Here was this story, "A Deal on 'Change," purporting to give a picture of Wall Street. The veriest child, she said, could see that it was the work of a foreigner. Not one single line gave an idea of American life, point of view, ways of dealing on 'Change, or anything else that was of any consequence. Mrs. Atherton simply swept the whole story into her mental waste basket. The old men pictured were not American old men; it was not an American Wall Street; the story was as far from truth as the narrative of



the British author who shot Indians under the palm trees of a Harlem ranch.

Mr. Barr looked crushed and pensive. His heavy figure settled down dejectedly into the straw chair.

"And to think," he said, "that Mrs. Atherton has found out all that! I thought I had sufficiently prepared myself for writing an American story by being born here, being a newspaper man from my earliest youth, and a Wall Street reporter for five years! When I first reported that story, how one great Wall Street man took another out in his yacht and smashed him on Elevated stock, because the first man's new daughter in law was not fashionable enough for the other man's family to call upon, I little thought that Mrs. Atherton was waiting ahead in the coming years to fall upon my story of the "Deal," and show that neither of those well known operators were Americans, and that they did not know how to make a deal on Wall Street. The intuitive power of these new women! It beats me!"

Mr. Barr pensively snipped the cover from a London *Athenæum*, and sat upright. "Here, she's answered," he said, and read aloud. The English newspaper gravely lamented that English people would read such stuff as Robert Barr's stories. Why a British public should waste its time over a story that was simply a bald American narrative, incomprehensible to English ears, the London critic could not understand. Why should an Englishman be interested in a technical description of a Wall Street deal?

"It seems to me," said Mr. Barr, "that I am between the devil and the deep blue sea!"

#### MADAME RENAN.

MADAME RENAN, the widow of Ernest Renan, chiefly famous in this country as the author of the "Life of Jesus," was the model of a literary man's helpmate. She was a Dutchwoman by descent, in appearance, and in many traits of character. Early in her married life, she was jealous of Renan's wanderings; but she made up her mind that the only way to secure happiness was to give her husband entire mental freedom. Renan used to confess, too candidly, that his fancy wandered, but said that he always loved his wife more than any human being on earth.

He concealed from her, at first, the earlier chapters of "L'Abbesse Jouarre," but finally took out the manuscript and handed it

meekly over to Madame Renan, asking her advice about publishing it.

"Publish it," she said, "if you have really felt and thought what you have written here, and were not actuated by a desire to appeal to the public which runs after top shelf literature."

Madame Renan is now engaged in editing her husband's papers.

#### ANOTHER INVESTIGATOR OF AMERICA.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, who can write a successful novel, turn it into a successful play, and then become the creator of the hero's part on the stage, has come to America to tell us what he thinks of us. Max O'Rell and Paul Bourget have recently done the same thing. There seems to be an impression abroad that America wants her portrait painted; that she is in the stage of development where she has a great longing to know what other people think of her.

Mr. Murray's articles are to be a series of open letters to an English lady, telling her all about us.

#### HALL CAINE'S BEGINNING.

To give a full review of "My First Book"—Mr. Jerome's little collection of autobiographies, of which we spoke last month—would be to tell the stories of Zangwill, Jerome, Stevenson, Doyle, and all the rest of the favorites of today, barring Hardy and Barrie. The two last are too busy creating new and wonderful characters to go back and fight over any battles, or talk about themselves.

Hall Caine has given an experience in his best style, and has filled it full of character. Nothing could be better than his picture of his sojourn in the hills with Dante Rossetti, when the poet artist was dying. Together, all night long, the two read "Tom Jones," "Clarissa Harlowe," and some of Smollett's novels. Mr. Caine says that Rossetti was one of the two men he has ever met who have given him, in personal intercourse, a sense of a gift that is above and apart from talent—in a word, of genius. Today, after ten years of the closest study of the methods of story telling, he is amazed to see with what remarkable insight Rossetti instinctively gave verdicts upon fiction.

At the time of his first literary venture, Mr. Caine had just enough money to last four months. He took it and went down to the Isle of Wight, put in a stock of pens and paper, and sat down to write a book. If he could do nothing in that time he

must find other work to earn a 'living. He wrote his first chapter twice. Then he took up a chapter of George Eliot's "Silas Marner," and cast his own work aside in despair. A third time he was more successful. The story of that book's creation is too long to tell here. It is now in its fifteenth edition.

#### NOVELISTS AND THEIR CHARACTERS.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS, who knew most of the literary celebrities of her day, had very distinct ideas upon the way successful literary work must be done.

It is impossible, she declared, for any story teller to make his readers believe in characters in which he does not believe himself. It is useless to "make believe." It is useless to dress up puppets, put speeches in their mouths, and pull wires this way and that. It is useless, Miss Edwards always said, to describe scenery you have never seen, people living in a class of life to which you have no access, or emotions you have never felt. Such work always rings hollow; and although it may amuse for an hour there is nothing satisfying in it, and nothing enduring.

Then she described her own way of writing. She said that her plots invented themselves after she knew the characters, and they themselves were not "made up," but came walking into her mind like morning callers. She had nothing whatever to do with the formation of either their features or their morals. They said what came into their hearts, and not what came into hers.

Upon one occasion Miss Edwards asked Mr. Trollope, "Why did you let *Crobie* jilt *Lily Dale*?"

"Why did I let him? How could I help it? He *would* do it, confound him!"

#### THE AUTHOR OF "BEN BOLT."

DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH says that he wishes he had never written "Ben Bolt;" that it has been nothing but an annoyance to him since the first day. He was a struggling young author in 1843, when N. P. Willis, who was his friend, asked him to write a sea song for a new magazine. English had written only four lines when he concluded that he had been set an impossible task, and threw the whole aside. But he went on writing, and produced four and a half stanzas of the present song, when the muse balked again. To these he added the four lines of the sea song, sending the whole to Willis, with his own criticism, which was hardly laudatory.

In 1846 a young actor named Nelson Kneass drifted into a Pittsburg theater and asked for an engagement. They told him they would take him on if he could bring a new song. Kneass picked "Ben Bolt" out of an English newspaper, and sang it. The song was echoed everywhere. Kneass sang it in minstrel companies all over the United States.

It went to Europe, Australia, to the Sandwich Islands. Over sixty thousand copies of it were sold, and on Kneass' headstone in the graveyard in Chillicothe, Missouri, the credit of its authorship is given to him. But it was very easy for Dr. English to establish his prior claim through N. P. Willis' old magazine.

Dr. English entered Congress three years ago. He says that every man there knows the song, and whenever he wishes to make a point, some one politely asks him if he "remembers sweet Alice, Ben Bolt."

Dr. English has lately issued a new book of poems.

#### HARD WORKED ANECDOTES.

PEOPLE whose names are constantly before the public must be amused, when they are not annoyed, by the stories which are told about them in the newspapers.

Eugene Field keeps his scrap books filled with the comments people make upon him. Some of them are very hard worked stories, having served under many prior "originators."

George Meredith put a character into "Richard Feverel," who was always brimming with clever, up to date anecdotes of the people of the hour. How he learned them was a mystery, until somebody discovered that he took them from any source not too recent, and fitted them by a cut here and an alteration there, to living contemporaries.

There is a story about the wife of a great English public man, whose hand was caught in the carriage door on her way to hear him speak, and who said nothing about it for fear of disturbing him. This has been told about the wives of Disraeli and Gladstone, over and over, but its latest heroine is "Dodo," the wife of Mr. Asquith, the home secretary of England, and the central character of Mr. Benson's short lived novel.

#### THE DEATH OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

ALTHOUGH for years Dr. Holmes told his friends that he was simply living through the indulgence of Mother Nature, the announcement of his death came as a shock

to the whole world. It was impossible to connect death with that bright, unfading spirit of perennial youth. It was never as the "Last Leaf on the Bough" that we could think of him.

He was the last of a famous company of distinguished men, and was as dear to the hearts of the people as any one of them. He was a sort of idol in Boston, for he filled every requirement of every class. From the Prince of Wales, who cabled his condolences to the family, to the poorest country school teacher on the Western plains, every man and woman who had felt his kindness of voice or written word, felt a sense of personal loss in his death. It seems hackneyed to say the only words that are to be said of him, they have been so often used for the same purpose.

Dr. Holmes had some very ardent beliefs that were visible all through his writing. One of these was the limitation of human responsibility through heredity and environment. He wrote:

"Every act of choice involves a special relation between the *ego* and the conditions before it. But no man knows what forces are at work in the determination of his *ego*. The bias which decides his choice between two or more motives may come from some unexpected ancestral source, of which he knows nothing at all. He is automatic in virtue of that hidden spring of reflex action, all the time having the feeling that he is self determining."

Again: "This body in which we travel across the isthmus between the two oceans is not a private carriage, but an omnibus."

Holmes himself must have harked back to forgotten ancestors for his brightness. His father was a dry as dust Congregational preacher, of whom some one said that he fed his people sawdust out of a spoon. But from his childhood Holmes was bright and popular. One of his college friends said of him at Harvard, that "he made you think you were the best fellow in the world, and he was the next best."

Dr. Holmes was first and foremost a conversationalist. He talked even on paper. There was never the dullness of the written word. His sentences whether in prose or verse were so full of color that they bore the charm of speech.

One of his most quoted poems "Dorothy Q." is full of this sparkle, and carries a suggestion of his favorite theme:

Grandmother's mother: her age I guess  
Thirteen summers, or something less;  
Girlish bust, but womanly air;

Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair;  
Lips that lover has never kissed;  
Taper fingers and slender wrist;  
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;  
So they painted the little maid.

\* \* \* \* \*

What if a hundred years ago  
Those close shut lips had answered No,  
When forth the tremulous question came  
That cost the maiden her Norman name,  
And under the folds that looked so still  
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?  
Should I be I, or would it be  
One tenth another to nine tenths me?

AN UNWORTHY SUCCESSOR TO VICTOR  
HUGO.

PAUL VERLAINE, the "Decadent" poet of France, is the candidate for the position in the Academy made vacant by the death of Leconte de Lisle. It is Hugo's old seat.

Verlaine is the man who writes the most beautiful and spiritual poetry when he is recovering from a series of dissipations which appall respectability. The poetry he writes during those seasons is as wonderful as any written in his saner moments, but it is quite unprintable.

He is an ugly man with a bulging forehead, and the look of the pauper which he is. He lives about in cafés when he is well, and goes to a hospital when he is ill, and personally is a disgrace to the profession of letters. He says that he is seeking Hugo's place because there is not another man in France able to fill it. Judging him as a poet alone this is probably true; but the French Academy which denies a place to Zola is hardly justified in electing Verlaine.

#### "THE GREEN CARNATION."

THE English critics seem to have a singular lack of perception when they are called upon to name the author of a book. They ascribed to Oscar Wilde the authorship of "The Green Carnation," which is a clever satire upon the class of men and women who are the outcome of the esthetic craze of a few years ago. They did not seem to see that there was a freshness in the point of view which Oscar Wilde could never have given, even had he cared to paint himself a fat talker of nonsense.

The real author is a young man with an imagination that has idealized Mr. Wilde and his friends into something they are not—something vastly more agreeable than the reality. A well known American lady is one of the characters, and we may judge, by what has been done for her, how the others have been gilded.

## A CROSS UNCROSSED.

By Marvin Dana.

IT is a true story; I have told it over and over again. (The marquis was speaking.) Men say that I am full of sentiment. I thank God for it, if their words be true. Sentiment is the soul of life. Heaven pity the man who loves to meditate on pots and pans, on beef and beans, on stones and stars, rather than on the human heart!

The Count of Longueville loved Mademoiselle De Fleuré. There was family opposition, but finally the affair was arranged. The count was enraptured, the mademoiselle shyly pleased. The contracts were signed, the day of the nuptials set.

Then, in the midst of joy, came grief. The call to arms was sounded. The alarum of war tolls the requiem of many a fond hope. Orders were sent to the count that he should report at headquarters.

The hour of parting rushed upon the betrothed. There were whispered words of yearning, vows of constancy, and a last clinging caress. Then hundreds of leagues lay between them. The enemy advanced. Communication was ended.

In the heat of battle, in the fatigue of marches, in slumber's dreams, the count carried ever in his heart the vision of its saint, the vision of a dainty maiden, tall and slender, lithe and lissome, with a face like thoughts of heaven. His hope of return to her was his life.

In the castle there was sorrow. Day after day the devoted maiden waited and mourned for him she loved, of whom she could hear no word. Then the plague smote them. The dreaded smallpox lashed them with its torturing scourge. One of the waiting maids of mademoiselle received the infection. Mademoiselle cared for her with her own hands, until she, in turn, was stricken down. For long she lay between life and death. Then, slowly, in answer to a thou-

and prayers, the expiring spark of life was breathed upon by God; it burst into a tiny flame, and soon it was once more burning brightly.

But oh, the pity of it! The harsh hand of disease had doomed her loveliness. No longer the rose blushed redly amid the warm fairness of her cheeks. A deadly pallor wrapped her like an oriental mourning pall. The soft smoothness of her flesh was marred by furrow and pit.

Still she prayed God to grant her patience in her woman's agony; still she thanked God for His mercies.

Now the war was done. The returning legions, gaunt and battle worn, brought mingled joy and grief. Before all others came the count, seeking his heart's delight.

His horse, familiar with the way, unreined, hastened at full gallop to the portal of the Chateau de Fleuré. A moment later, all unannounced, he has entered the house, and stands in the doorway of a little curtained chamber where his love was wont to loiter. The dear name trembles on his lips. Ere it thrills the air, a woman lies within his arms, a woman sobbing tears of ecstasy.

Then, very swiftly, she moves a little from him.

"Oh, God, I must not do this thing. I have determined it. It is God's will. Behold me! I am no longer fair to look upon, but scarred and pallid as the dead." She draws him toward the light. "Look, look," she cries. "You cannot love this mockery of her you wooed! God pity me!"

He draws her closer in his arms; his lips curve to a gentle smile of peace.

"And do you think I loved you so unworthily? No, no. You cannot leave me, life of my life. The destiny of God works wondrously. I, too, have suffered. I am blind."





## IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

### THE PASSING OF SECTIONALISM.

THE force of sectionalism is one of the familiar topics of the journalists and others who write upon the public affairs of the United States. That it exists, that its influence is deeply felt, there can be no denial; and yet, on an impartial survey of the situation, is not its strength less remarkable than the fact that that strength is no greater than it is?

Scarcely a generation ago, civil war was tearing the very vitals of the nation. Two portions of a sundered country were waging the most stubborn and desperate contest of modern times. The causes of the struggle belong to history; when it ended, its issues were settled forever. Today, the sons of the soldiers of Grant and Lee—nay, those soldiers themselves, are joined in hearty and unwavering allegiance to a common flag. It is the obliteration of sectionalism, not its development, that has been the great feature of the last thirty years of our national life.

Sectional prejudices and animosities exist, more or less strongly, in almost all nations. Nowhere in the United States are they so acute as, for example, between several of the component states of the Austro-Hungarian empire. We do not believe that there is any line of division between our sections more marked than that between the Italians of Sicily and those of the mainland; that between the northern and the southern Germans; between the several groups of Swiss cantons, with their differences of race, language, and religion; between Great Britain and Ireland, or even between England and Scotland. Widely extended as is the territory of the United States, and great as is their population, their citizenship is quite as homogeneous, quite as much a unit, as that of almost any of the smaller nations of Europe.

The election of last November marked an epoch in the passing of American sectionalism. For thirty years the chief contending elements in our national arena have been the two parties of the Republicans and the Democrats; and throughout the same period one great group of States has stood together, practically, as a unit, upon one side of the political fence. The dividing line of party has, to this extent, been a geographical one—a sectional one. That such

a state of affairs has had many sinister results, and has threatened grave dangers, all thoughtful Americans have recognized. It has been disquieting to every patriot to see a "solid South" in one camp, arrayed against a more or less solid North in the other. That the South proved, last November, that it does not necessarily vote as a unit, is a ground for rejoicing that stands above all considerations of partisanship.

"Liberty and union!" was the watchword of the founders of the nation; and today our union is as thoroughly assured as is our liberty.

### A WOMAN'S FEUD.

IT being rumored that the German Emperor, who is notoriously fond of achieving the unexpected, intends to visit the next international exposition in the French capital, prominent Parisians have been giving their opinions upon the question of his reception. We regret that the one expression that is implacably hostile comes from a woman, the well known Mme. Adam, who declares that if no one else would "denounce the coward" whose grandfather besieged Paris and robbed France of two provinces, she herself would undertake the task.

Can it be that Frenchmen have forgiven, if not forgotten, but that their wives and their sisters are still fiercely thirsting for revenge and German gore? Oh, woman, lovely woman, thou creature of the affections, thou angel of the tender heart! When once those affections are turned to hate, and that tender heart to steel, what a relentless foe thou dost become!

### HAVE WE TOO MANY DOCTORS?

WE note that the authorities of Columbia have extended to four years the period of study prescribed for candidates for the degree of doctor of medicine. The step is a wise one, and we hope to see other medical schools move in the same direction.

Physicians are far more numerous, proportionately to population, in the United States than they are in any of the countries of Europe. One cause of this fact is, no doubt, our bettered standard of popular comfort, which demands more universal medical attendance, as it demands ampler diet and better clothing. Another and a



much less satisfactory cause is the vastly greater ease with which a license to practise can be secured in this country. In England, France, and Germany, the institutions that have the power to confer such a diploma are few in number, and severe in their requirements; the prescribed course of study is long and exhaustive, covering, as a rule, from four to seven years; and it can only be entered after a preliminary examination which is a thorough test of the student's general education. In America, on the other hand, the graduating bodies are extremely numerous, and in very many cases their system is deplorably lax. The result is that they turn out thousands of doctors whose equipment for their calling, both general and special, is very inadequate.

We have, of course—especially in our cities—many physicians and surgeons whose mastery of their profession is fully equal to the best knowledge and skill of Europe; men who are graduates of the foremost American colleges, or of the best of the foreign ones, or who have had the benefit of post graduate courses. Some of the greatest triumphs of modern medical and surgical science have been achieved here. It is a fact, nevertheless, that the rank and file, or at least the lower ranks, of the profession are crowded with recruits of questionable qualifications.

A doctor's calling is one of the most honorable and important of vocations. No other affords greater scope for inventive genius, for research, for practical ability, for the best qualities of head and heart; none demands so thorough a training; and to none should the entrance be so carefully safeguarded.

#### ENGLISH AND AMERICAN NOVELS.

A LONDON critic rises to remark that English fiction is "almost entirely supplanting the American." Several other observers on both sides of the Atlantic have commented upon the fact, or the supposed fact, that whereas the international copyright law was expected to help our native novelists by making foreign books dearer, its actual result has been to give British writers a greater vogue in America than they ever had before.

It must be admitted that English fiction is at present in the ascendant. It has recently produced a new star of the first magnitude in the person of George Du Maurier, whose "Trilby" was distinctly the sensation of last year. Glance over the list of the other successful books of 1894. Without reckon-

ing such ephemeral flashes in the literary pan as "The Green Carnation" and "A Superfluous Woman," the novels of the twelvemonth were Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella," Hall Caine's "The Manxman," Anthony Hope's "The Prisoner of Zenda," and George Meredith's "Lord Ormont and His Aminta." Miss Harraden's "Ships that Pass in the Night" touched a chord in the popular heart, and Messrs. Crockett, Blackmore, and Stevenson published volumes that sustained, if not enhanced, their reputation. On the other hand, not a single American novel issued during 1894 attracted any marked degree of attention.

It would be a very hasty conclusion, however, to infer that imaginative literature is permanently or even temporarily dead in the land of Cooper, Hawthorne, and Poe. Nor do we see reason for believing that the international copyright law has had any sinister influence upon American writers. If foreign novelists have thus far reaped the larger share of its benefits, we need not grudge it to them. The reading of a good novel is worth vastly more than the trifling royalty the author receives for each copy sold; and the copyright law has set the book publishing industry upon a basis more satisfactory to all concerned. If English fiction has for the moment overshadowed that of America, it is largely because England has just now an unusually clever group of novelists. Literary activity has always come in "streaks." There need be no fear for the future of our native literature; we have writers here who have produced first rate novels, and who doubtless will do so again.

There is another consideration of importance in the comparison of England and America. With us, far more of the nation's best thought and energy goes into periodical literature than is the case across the Atlantic. In this very important field we are admittedly ahead of our British cousins. The London newspapers have nothing like our great Sunday issues; practically speaking, they concern themselves with literature not at all. The English magazines are decidedly below our standards, both in merit and influence. A great army of able men who are novelists in England would be journalists in America. There, they adhere to the older literary form, because the periodical press has not attracted the best talent of the nation. Here, they would seek the wider audience, the more potent influence of the newer method of expression; they would prefer to speak through a magazine

that may reach a million readers where a book might perhaps find as many as ten thousand purchasers.

#### THE SEASON FOR COLDS.

WHY are not people as careful of their lives as is a florist of his plants? Flowers are kept—by those who know how to keep them best—in a greenhouse where the air is carefully regulated to a certain temperature. Our houses, on the other hand, are sometimes too cold, but very much more frequently too hot. In a New York apartment, for instance, steam heat commonly raises the temperature of the rooms to eighty or eighty five degrees Fahrenheit. We endure the heat till it becomes unbearable, and then there is no remedy but the sudden chill of an opened window. This is not fair treatment of the human organism, which is as sensitive as most of the florist's carefully preserved plants.

Most doctors agree that pure, cold air is not in itself the main cause of the throat and lung troubles that prevail during the winter season, and that sudden changes of temperature and poor ventilation of buildings are much more dangerous to health than sharp outdoor airs. To avoid the visitations of that pertinacious malady which we commonly call "a cold," one good rule is to keep your house at an even, moderate temperature, not above seventy degrees. Another is to follow out the common sense principles in the matter of winter clothing of which we spoke last month, in a brief editorial which several physicians have written to indorse. A third is to maintain the general physical condition of the body by observing the elementary rules of health, and especially by taking regular, sufficient exercise.

#### WHERE ARE THE AMERICANS?

AMERICA still shows her provincial character by listening to foreign criticism and advice. She is still young, and she shows her youth by asking anxiously, "How do I look?"

The rapid journeyer through our American cities gladly sells his opinions to our

journals, and they are treated seriously. Usually these gentlemen who are so frank and ready with their opinions are people who are amusement makers of one sort and another when they are at home, but who would not be taken seriously by their country people at large. Liverpool and Manchester and London would hardly find room in their journals for a discussion of Dr. Doyle's or M. Bourget's opinion of their relative merits.

But leaving out the fact that no visitor can possibly have more than the merest surface impressions of America, colored throughout by the people with whom he happens to be thrown during his stay, the man who visits only the cities does not see the heart of the nation at all. The typical American life does not center in a few great urban communities.

Our great cities must of a necessity be much like the great cities of any other country. The machinery must be practically the same; and modern life is so complex that it is mostly a matter of machinery. The observers who call attention to the "peculiarities" of American women, simply show that they have not known the corresponding class in their own country, if it happens to be civilized. A society woman in New York, Berlin, Paris, London, or St. Petersburg is essentially the same woman in manners and habits.

To see the real Americans, the real America, the backbone of the country, the material from which the motive power of our cities is drawn, the visitor must go to the interior—the smaller towns, the wide rural regions. Here he will find the men who have time to think; the women who have time to bring up their children. Here are the readers of books, and the real rulers of the nation in times of crisis. It is here that are bred the Lincolns, the Shermans, the Grants, the statesmen, the strategists, the financiers. These men bring to the cities the health of the purely American communities, and they rule, wherever they are, through the might of it. Our government and our cities are kept pure as this element predominates. Paris may be France, but America is America.

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"Bride and Bridegroom."

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